

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 785.—11 June, 1859.—Third Series, No. 63.

CONTENTS.

PLATE.—PORTRAIT OF HUMBOLDT.

1. Death of Baron Von Humboldt,	<i>Professor Agassiz,</i>	PAGE 643
2. Robert Anderson Wilson, author of the <i>new His-</i> <i>tory of Mexico,</i>	<i>Boston Courier,</i>	650
3. Self-Printing of Sounds,	<i>Spectator,</i>	653
4. The Last Witch Burning,	<i>Bentley's Miscellany,</i>	655
5. <i>Littell's Living Age,</i>	<i>Henry Ward Beecher,</i>	656
6. The Italian Question,	<i>Westminster Review,</i>	657
7. My Three Wooings,	<i>Chambers's Journal,</i>	683

POETRY.—The Last Witch Burning, 655.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Prediction of War, 652. Politeness Beyond the Grave, 682. Musical Notation in the Middle Ages, 682.

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EULOGY BY PROFESSOR AGASSIZ UPON
BARON VON HUMBOLDT,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE AMERICAN ACADEMY
OF ARTS AND SCIENCES, AT THEIR ANNUAL
MEETING, ON TUESDAY, 24 MAY, 1859.

GENTLEMEN: I have been requested to present on this occasion some remarks upon the scientific career of Humboldt. So few days have elapsed since the sad news reached our shore, that I have no time to prepare an elaborate account of that wonderful career, and I am not myself in a condition in which I could have done it, being deprived of the use of my eyes, so that I had to rely upon the hand of a friend to make a few memoranda on a slip of paper, which might enable me to present my thoughts in a somewhat regular order. But I have, since the day we heard of his death, recalled all my recollections of him; and, if you will permit me, I will present them to you as they are now vividly in my mind.

Humboldt—Alexander Von Humboldt, as he always called himself, though he was christened with the names of Frederick Heinrich Alexander,—was born in 1769, on the 14th of September,—in that memorable year which gave to the world those philosophers, warriors and statesmen who have changed the face of Science and the condition of affairs in our century. It was in that year that Cuvier also and Schiller were born; and among the warriors and statesmen, Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington and Canning are children of 1769, and it is certainly a year of which we can say that its children have revolutionized the world. Of the early life of Humboldt I know nothing, and I find no records except that in his tenth year he lost his father who had been a major in the army during the seven years' war, and afterwards a chamberlain to the King of Prussia. But his mother took excellent care of him, and watched over his early education. The influence she had upon his life is evident from the fact that notwithstanding his yearning for the sight of foreign lands he did not begin to make active preparations for his travels during her lifetime. In the winter of 1787-8 he was sent to the University of Frankfort on the Oder, to study finances. He was to be a statesman; he was to enter high offices, for which there was a fair chance, owing to his noble birth and the patronage he could expect at Court.

He remained, however, but a short time there.

Not finding these studies to his taste, after a semester's residence in the University we find him again at Berlin, and there in intimate friendship with Willdenow, then Professor of Botany, and who at that time possessed the greatest herbarium in existence. Botany was the first branch of natural science to which Humboldt paid especial attention. The next year he went to Gottingen,—being then a youth of twenty years; and here he studied Natural History with Blumenbach; and thus had an opportunity of seeing the progress Zoölogy was making in anticipation of the great movement by which Cuvier placed Zoölogy on a new foundation.

For it is an unquestionable fact that in first presenting a classification of the animal kingdom based upon a knowledge of its structure, Blumenbach in a measure anticipated Cuvier; though it is only by an exaggeration of what Blumenbach did that an unfair writer of later times has attempted to deprive Cuvier of the glory of having accomplished this object upon the broadest possible basis. From Gottengen he visited the Rhine, for the purpose of studying geology, and in particular the basaltic formations of the Seven Mountains. At Mayence he became acquainted with George Forster, who proposed to accompany him on a journey to England. You may imagine what impression the conversation of that active, impetuous and powerful man had upon the youthful Humboldt. They went to Belgium and Holland, and thence to England, where Forster introduced him to Sir Joseph Banks. Thus the companions of Capt. Cook in his first and second voyages round the world, who were already venerable in years and eminent as promoters of physical science not yet established in the popular favor, were the early guides of Humboldt in his aspirations for scientific distinction. Yet Humboldt had a worldly career to accomplish. He was to be a statesman, and this required that he should go to the Academy of Commerce at Hamburg. He remained there five months, but could endure it no longer, and he begged so hard that his mother allowed him to go to Freyberg and study Geology with Werner, with a view of obtaining a situation in the Administration of Mines. See what combinations of circumstances prepare him for his great career, as no

other young man ever was prepared. At Freyberg he received the private instruction of Werner, the founder of Modern Geology, and he had as his fellow student no less a man than Leopold Von Buch, then a youth, to whom, at a later period, Humboldt himself dedicated one of his works, inscribing it "to the greatest geologist," as he was till the day of his recent death. From Freyberg he made frequent excursions into the Hartz and Fichtelgebirg and surrounding regions, and these excursions ended in the publication of a small work upon the Subterranean Flora of Freyberg (*Flora Subterranea Fribergensis*), in which he described especially those Cryptogamous plants, or singular low and imperfect formations which occur in the deep mines. But here ends his period of pupilage. In 1792 he was appointed an officer of the mines (Oberbergmeister.) He went to Beyreuth as Director of the operations in those mines belonging to the Frankish Provinces of Prussia. Yet he was always wandering in every direction, seeking for information and new subjects of study. He visited Vienna, and there heard of the discoveries of Galvani, with which he made himself familiar; went to Italy and Switzerland, where he became acquainted with the then celebrated Professors Jurine and Pictet, and with the illustrious Scarpa. He also went to Jena, formed an intimate acquaintance with Schiller and Goethe, and also with Loder, with whom he studied anatomy. From that time he began to make investigations of his own, and these investigations were in a line which he has never approached since, being experiments in physiology. He turned his attention to the newly discovered power by which he testified the activity of organic substances; and it is plain, from his manner of treating the subject, that he leaned to the idea that the chemical process going on in the living body of animals furnished a clue to the phenomena of life, if it was not life itself. This may be inferred from the title of the book published in 1797—"Ueber die gereizte Muskelund-Nerven-faser, mit Vermuthungen über den chemischen Process des Lebens, in Thieren und Pflanzen."

In these explanations of the phenomena we have the sources of the first impulses in a direction which has been so beneficial in advancing the true explanation of the secondary phenomena of life; but, which, at the same

time, in its exaggeration as it prevails now has degenerated into the materialism of modern investigators.

In that period of all-embracing activity, he began to study Astronomy. His attention was called to it by Baron von Zach, who was a prominent astronomer of the time, and who at that time was actively engaged upon astronomical investigations in Germany. He showed Humboldt to what extent Astronomy would be useful for him, in his travels, in determining the position of places, the altitude of mountains, etc.

So prepared, Humboldt now broods over his plans of foreign travel. He has published his work on the muscular and nervous fibre at the age of twenty-eight. He has lost his mother; and his mind is now inflamed with an ungovernable passion for the sight of foreign and especially tropical lands. He goes to Paris to make preparation by securing the best astronomical, meteorological and surveying instruments. Evidently he does not care where he shall go, for on a proposition of Lord Bristol to visit Egypt he agrees to it. The war prevents the execution of this plan, and he enters into negotiations to accompany the projected expedition of Capt. Baudin to Australia; but when Bonaparte, bent on the conquest of Egypt, started with a scientific expedition, Humboldt wishes to join it. He expects to be one of the scientific party, and to reach Egypt by way of Barbary.

But all these plans failing, he goes to Spain with the view of exploring that country, and finding perhaps some means of joining the French expedition in Egypt from Spain. While in Madrid he is so well received at the Court—a young nobleman so well instructed has access everywhere—and he receives such encouragement from persons in high positions, that he turns his thoughts to an exploration of the Spanish provinces of America. He receives permission not only to visit them, but instructions are given to the officers of the colonies to receive him everywhere and give him all facilities, to permit him to transport his instruments, to make astronomical and other observations, and to collect whatever he chooses; and all that only in consequence of the good impression he has made when he appeared there, with no other recommendation than that of a friend who happened to be at that time Danish Minister to the Court of Madrid. But with these

facilities offered to him, he sails in June, 1799, from Corunna, whence he reaches Tenerife, makes short explorations of that island, ascending the peak, and sailing straightway to America, where he lands in Cumana, in the month of July, and employs the first year and a half in the exploration of the basin of the Orinoco and its connection with the Amazon. This was a journey of itself, and completed a work of scientific importance, establishing the fact that the two rivers were connected by an uninterrupted course of water. He established for the first time the fact that there was an extensive low plain, connected by water, which circled the high table land of Guiana. It was an important discovery in physical geography, because it changed the ideas about water courses and about the distributions of mountains and plains in a manner which has had the most extensive influence upon the progress of physical geography. It may well be said that after this exploration of the Orinoco, physical geography begins to appear as a part of science. From Cumana he makes a short excursion to Havana, and hearing there of the probable arrival of Baudin on the West coast of America, starts with the intention of crossing at Panama. He arrives at Carthagena, but was prevented by the advance of the season from crossing the Isthmus, and changed his determination from want of precise information respecting Baudin's locality. He determines to ascend the Magdalena River and visit Santa Fé de Bogota, where, for several months, he explores the construction of the mountains, and collects plants and animals; and, in connection with his friend, Bonpland, who accompanied him from Paris, he makes those immense botanical collections, which were afterwards published by Bonpland himself, and by Kunth after Bonpland had determined on an expedition to South America. In the beginning of 1802 he reaches Quito, where, during four months, he turns his attention to every thing worth investigating, ascends the Chimborazo, to a height to which no human foot had reached, anywhere; and, having completed this survey and repeatedly crossed the Andes, he descends the southern slope of the continent to the shore of the Pacific at Truxillo, and following the arid coast of Peru, he visits finally Lima.

I will pass lightly over all the details of his journey, for they are only incidents in that

laborious exploration of the country which is best appreciated by a consideration of the works which were published in consequence of that immense accumulation of materials gathered during those explorations. From Lima, or rather from Callao, he sails in 1802 for Guayaquil and Acapulco, and reached Mexico in 1803, where he makes as extensive explorations as he had made in Venezuela and the Andes, and after a stay of about a year, and having put all his collections and manuscripts in order, revisits Cuba for a short time, comes to the United States, makes a hurried excursion to Philadelphia and Washington, where he is welcomed by Jefferson, and finally returns with his faithful companion Bonpland to France, accompanied by a young Spanish nobleman, Don Carlo de Montufar, who had shared his travels since his visits to Quito.

At thirty-six years of age Humboldt is again in Europe with collections made in foreign lands, such as had never been brought together before. But here we meet with a singular circumstance. The German nobleman, the friend of the Prussian and Spanish Courts, chooses Paris for his residence, and remains there twenty-two years to work out the result of his scientific labor; for since his return, with the exception of short journeys to Italy, England and Germany, sometimes accompanying the King of Prussia, sometimes alone, or accompanied by scientific friends, he is entirely occupied in scientific labors and studies. So passes the time to the year 1827, and no doubt he was induced to make this choice of a residence by the extraordinary concourse of distinguished men in all branches of science with whom he thought he could best discuss the results of his own observations. I shall presently have something to say about the works he completed during that most laborious period of his life. I will only add now, that in 1827 he returned to Berlin permanently, having been urged of late by the King of Prussia again and again to return to his native land. And there he delivered a series of lectures preparatory to the publication of *Cosmos*; for in substance, even in form and arrangement, these lectures, of which the papers of the day gave short accounts, are a sort of prologue to the *Cosmos*, and a preparation for its publication. In 1829, when he was sixty years of age, he undertakes another great journey. He accepts the invitation of the Emperor Nicholas to visit the Ural

mountains, with a view of examining the gold mines, and localities where platina and diamonds had been found, to determine their geological relation. He accomplished the journey with Ehrenberg and Gustavus Rose, who published the result of their mineralogical and geological survey, in a work of which he is the sole author; while Humboldt published under the title of *Asiatic Fragments of Geology and Climatology*, his observations of the physical and geographical features made during that journey. But he had hardly returned to Berlin when in consequence of the revolution of 1830, he was sent by the King of Prussia as extraordinary ambassador to France, to honor the elevation of Louis Philippe to the throne. Humboldt had long been a personal friend of the Orleans family, and he was selected ambassador on that occasion on account of these personal relations. From 1830 to 1848 he lived alternately in Berlin and in Paris, spending nearly half the time in Paris and half the time in Berlin, with occasional visits to England and Denmark; publishing the results of his investigations in Asia, making original investigations upon various things and especially pressing the establishment of observatories, and connected magnetic observations all over the globe, for which he obtained the co-operation of the Russian government and that of the government of England; and at that time those observations in Australia and in the Russian empire to the borders of China, were established which have led to such important results in our knowledge of terrestrial magnetism. Since 1848 he has lived uninterruptedly in Berlin, where he published on the anniversary of his eightieth year a new edition of those charming first flowers of his pen; his *Views of Nature*, the first edition of which was published in Germany in 1808. This third edition appeared with a series of new and remodeled annotations and explanations; and that book in which he first presented his views of Nature, in which he drew those vivid pictures of the physiognomy of plants and of their geographical distribution is now revived and brought to the present state of science.

The "*Views of Nature*" is a work which Humboldt has always cherished, and to which in his *Cosmos* he refers more frequently than to any other work. It is no doubt because there he has expressed his deepest thoughts, his most impressive views, and even fore-

shadowed those intimate convictions which he never expressed, but which he desired to record in such a manner that those that can read between the line might find them there; and certainly there we find them. His aspiration has been to present to the world a picture of the physical world from which he would exclude every thing that relates to the turmoil of human society, and to the ambitions of individual men. A life so full, so rich, is worth explaining in every respect, and it is really instructive to see with what devotion he pursues his work. As long as he is a student he is really a student and learns faithfully, and learns every thing he can reach. And he continues so for twenty-three years. He is not one of those who is impatient to show that he has something in him, and with premature impatience utters his ideas, so that they become insuperable barriers to his independent progress in later life. Slowly and confident of his sure progress, he advances, and while he learns he studies also independently of those who teach him. He makes his experiments, and to make them with more independence he seeks for an official position. During five years he is a business man, in a station which gives him leisure. He is Superintendent of the Mines, but the Superintendent of the Mines who can do much as he pleases; and while he is thus officially engaged journeying and superintending, he prepares himself for his independent researches. And yet it will be seen he is thirty years of age before he enters upon his American travels, those travels which will be said to have been the greatest undertaking ever carried to a successful issue, if judged by the results; they have as completely changed the basis of physical science as the revolution which took place in France about the same time has changed the social condition of that land. Having returned from these travels to Paris, there begins in his life a period of concentrated critical studies. He works his materials, and he works them with an ardor and devotion which is untiring; and he is not anxious to appear to have done it all himself. Olmanns is called to his aid to revise his astronomical observations, and his barometrical measurements by which he has determined the geographical position of seven hundred different points and the altitude of more than four hundred and fifty of them.

The large collection of plants which Bonpland had begun to illustrate, but of which his

desire of seeing the tropics again has prevented the completion he entrusts to Kunth. He has also brought home animals of different classes, and distributes them among the most eminent Zoologists of the day.

To Cuvier he entrusts the investigation of that remarkable Batrachian, the *Aæolotet*,—the mode of development of which is still unknown, but which remains in its adult state in a condition similar to that of the tadpole of the frog during the earlier period of its life. Latreille describes the insects, and Valenciennes the shells and the fishes; but yet to show that he might have done the work himself, he publishes a memoir on the anatomical structure of the organs of breathing in the animals he has preserved, and another upon the tropical monkeys of America, and another upon the electric properties of the electric eel. But he was chiefly occupied with investigations in physical geography and climatology. The first work upon that subject is a dissertation on the geographical distribution of plants, published in 1817. Many botanists and travellers had observed that in different parts of the world there are plants not found in others, and that there is a certain arrangement in that distribution; but Humboldt was the first to see that this distribution is connected with the temperature of the air as well as with the altitudes of the surface on which they grow, and he systematized his researches into a general exposition of the laws by which the distribution of plants is regulated. Connected with this subject he made those extensive investigations into the mean temperature of a large number of places on the surface of the globe, which led to the drawing of those isothermal lines so important in their influence in shaping physical geography, and giving accuracy to the mode of representing natural phenomena. Before Humboldt we had no graphic representation of complex natural phenomena which made them easily comprehensible, even to minds of moderate cultivation. He has done that in a way which has circulated information more extensively, and brought it to the apprehension more clearly than it could have been done by any other means.

It is not too much to say that this mode of representing natural phenomena has made it possible to introduce in our most elementary works the broad generalizations derived from the investigations of Humboldt in South

America; and that every child in our schools has his mind fed from the labors of Humboldt's brain, wherever geography is no longer taught in the old routine. Having completed his American labors, Humboldt published three works partly connected with his investigations in America, and partly with his further studies in Europe since his return, and among others a book, which first appeared as a paper in the "*Dictionnaire des Sciences Naturelles*," but of which separate copies were printed under the title of "*Essai sur la Constitution des Roches dans les deux Hemispheres*." This work has been noticed to the extent which it deserved by only one geologist, Elie de Beaumont. No other seems to have seen what there is in that paper, for there Humboldt shows, for the first time, that while organic nature is the same all the world over,—granite is granite, and basalt is basalt, and limestone and sandstone, limestone and sandstone wherever found,—there is everywhere a difference in the organized world, so that the distribution of animals and plants represents the most diversified aspects in different countries. This at once explains to us why physical sciences may make such rapid progress in new countries, while botany and zoölogy have to go through a long process of preparation before they can become popular in regions but recently brought under the beneficial influence of cultivation. For while we need no books of our own upon astronomy, chemistry, physics, and mineralogy, we have to grope in the dark while studying our plants and animals until the most common ones become as familiar to us as the most common animals of the fields in the old countries. The distinction which exists in the material basis of scientific culture in different parts of the world is first made evident by this work. By two happily chosen words Humboldt has presented at once the results of our knowledge in geology at the time, in a most remarkable manner. He speaks there of "independent formations." Who, before Humboldt, thought there were successive periods in the history of our globe which were independent one from the other? There was in the mind of geologists only a former and a present world. Those words expressing the thought and expressing it in reference to the thing itself, for the first time occur in that memoir; thus putting an end to those views prevailing in geology, according to which the age of all the

rocks upon the earth can be determined by the mineralogical character of the rocks appearing at the surface. The different geological levels at which rocks belonging to the same period have been deposited, but which have been disturbed by subsequent revolutions, he happily designated as "geological horizons."

It was about the time he was tracing these investigations that he made his attempt to determine the mean altitude of the continents above the sea. Thus far geographers and geologists had considered only the heights of mountain chains, and the elevation of the lower lands, while it was Humboldt who first made the distinction between mountain chains and table lands. But the idea of estimating the average elevation of continents above the sea had not yet been entertained; and it was again Humboldt who, from the data that he could command, determined it to be at the utmost nine hundred feet, assuming all irregularities to be brought to a uniform level. His Asiatic travels gave him additional data to consider these depressions and swellings of continents, when discussing the phenomena of the depression of the Caspian Sea, which he does in a most complete manner.

There was a fulness and richness of expression, and substantial power in his writing, which is most remarkable, but which renders his style somewhat involved. He has aimed to present to others, what nature presented to him,—combinations interlocked in such a complicated way as hardly to be distinguishable, and his writings present something of the kind. You see his works, page after page, running into volumes without divisions into chapters or heads of any sort; and so conspicuous is that peculiarity of style in his composition, that I well remember hearing Arago turning to him, while speaking of composition, and saying, "Humboldt you don't know how to write a book—you write without end, but that is not a book; it is a picture without frame." Such an expression of one scientific man to another, without giving offence, could only come from a man so intimately associated as Humboldt was with Arago. And this leads me to a few additional remarks upon his character and social relations. Humboldt was born near the Court. He was brought up in connection with courtiers and men in high positions of life. He was no doubt imbued with the prejudices of

his caste. He was a nobleman of high descent. And yet the friend of kings was the bosom friend of Arago, and he was the man who could, after his return from America, refuse the highest position at the court of Berlin, that of the secretaryship of public instruction, preferring to live in a modest way in Paris, in the society of all those illustrious men, who then made Paris the centre of intellectual culture. It was there where he became one of that Société d'Arceuil, composed of all the great men of the day, to which the paper on "Isothermal Lines" was presented, and by which it was printed, as all papers presented to it were, for private distribution. But from his intimate relations, especially to the court of Prussia, some insinuations have been made as to the character of Humboldt. They are as unjust as they are severe in expression. He was never a flatterer of those in power. He has shown it by taking a prominent position, in 1848, at the head of those who accompanied the victims of the revolution of that year to their last place of rest. But while he expressed his independence in such a manner, he had the kindest feeling for all parties. He could not offend, even by an expression, those with whom he had been associated in early life; and I have no doubt that it is to that kindliness of feeling we must ascribe his somewhat indiscriminate patronage of aspirants in science, as well as men who were truly devoted to its highest aims. He may be said to have been, especially in his latter years, the friend of every cultivated man, wishing to lose no opportunity to do all the good of which he was capable; for he had a degree of benevolence and generosity which was unbounded. I can well say that there is not a man engaged in scientific investigations in Europe, who has not received at his hands marked tokens of his favor, and who is not under deep obligations to him. May I be permitted to tell a circumstance which is personal to me in that respect, and which shows what he was capable of doing while he was forbidding an opportunity of telling it. I was only twenty-four years of age when in Paris, whither I had gone with means given me by a friend; but was at last about to resign my studies from want of ability to meet my expenses. Professor Mitscherlich was then on a visit to Paris, and I had seen him in the morning, when he had asked me what was the cause of

my depressed feelings; and I told him that I had to go for I had nothing left. The next morning as I was seated at breakfast in front of the yard of the hotel where I lived, I saw the servant of Humboldt approach. He handed me a note, saying there was no answer and disappeared. I opened the note, and I see it now before me as distinctly as if I held the paper in my hand. It said:—

"My friend, I hear that you intend leaving Paris in consequence of some embarrassments. That shall not be. I wish you to remain here as long as the object for which you came is not accomplished. I enclose you a check of £50. It is a loan which you may repay when you can."

Some years afterwards, when I could have repaid him, I wrote, asking for the privilege of remaining forever in his debt, knowing that this request would be more consonant to his feelings than the recovery of the money, and I am now in his debt. What he has done for me, I know he has done for many others; in silence and unknown to the world. I wish I could go on to state something of his character, his conversational powers, etc., but I feel that I am not in a condition to speak of them. I would only say that his habits were very peculiar. He was an early riser, and yet he was seen at late hours in the saloons in different parts of Paris. From the year 1830 to 1848, while in Paris, he had been charged by the King of Prussia to send reports upon the condition of things there. He had before prepared for the King of Prussia a report on the political condition of the Spanish Colonies in America, which no doubt had its influence afterwards upon recognition of the independence of those colonies. The importance of such reports to the government of Prussia may be inferred from a perusal of his political and statistical essays upon Mexico and Cuba. It is a circumstance worth noticing, that above all great powers, Prussia has more distinguished, scientific, and literary men among her diplomatists than any other State. And so was Humboldt actually a diplomatist in Paris, though he was placed in that position, not from choice, but in consequence of the benevolence of the King, who wanted to give him an opportunity of being in Paris as often and as long as he chose.

But from that time there were two men in him,—the diplomatist, living in the Hotel des

Princes, and the naturalist who roomed in the Rue de la Harpe, in a modest apartment in the second story; where his scientific friends had access to him every day before seven. After that he was frequently seen working in the library of the Institute, until the time when the Grand Seigneur, made his appearance at the court or in the salons of Paris.

The influence he has exerted upon the progress of science is incalculable. I need only allude to the fact that the *Cosmos*, bringing every branch of natural science down to the comprehension of every class of students, has been translated into the language of every civilized nation of the world, and gone through several editions. With him ends a great period in the history of science, a period to which Cuvier, Laplace, Arago, Gay-Lussac and Decandolle, Robert Brown belonged and of whom only one is still living,—the venerable Biot.

Gentlemen, I would present some resolutions for your consideration:—

Resolved, That the members of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences have heard with deep sorrow of the loss the world has sustained in the recent death of their late foreign associate, the Baron Alexander Von Humboldt.

Resolved, That they recognize in their late associate a most illustrious example of devotion to the nobler objects and pursuits. From early life to the last days of an old age, protracted far beyond the usual limit of intellectual activity, he has been vigorously and assiduously engaged in advancing, by his own labors, and by the impulse and support he has given to the labors of others, the boundaries of human knowledge. The results of his all-comprehending researches he has presented to the world, in such simple and attractive forms as to render them the common property of mankind. To the loftiest gifts of intellect, he has added never failing generosity, disinterestedness and humanity. His memory, therefore, deserves, and will receive the veneration of all future ages. While we grieve that the world is deprived of the light of his presence, we rejoice that his vast powers remained undiminished to the last, and that we may pronounce his life eminently happy, since he has enjoyed, during its long course, the warmest affection of all who have known him, and has been graciously permitted to close it, in the midst of the sublimest occupations, and without suffering calamity.

The resolutions were passed.

From The Boston Courier.

ROBERT ANDERSON WILSON.

A New History of the Conquest of Mexico, etc. By Robert Anderson Wilson. Philadelphia: 1859. 8vo.

A BOOK with this striking title, recently published at Philadelphia, in a handsome and imposing volume of above five hundred pages, has been somewhat noticed in the newspapers, but has been received with a considerable feeling of distrust. Nor is this to be accounted remarkable. An author who, like Mr. Wilson, maintains that the civilization of Mexico came from Phenicia before the time of Moses, and that all the accounts of the Spanish conquest, usually relied upon—from the manly dispatches of Cortes down to the marvellously learned and philosophical travels of Humboldt, and the brilliant and conscientious history of Prescott—are either wild fictions or the results of belief in such fictions, cannot himself, one would think, expect to find his path to general favor very smooth.

Of the curt and decisive way in which Mr. Wilson sees fit to contradict such illustrious predecessors as those just mentioned, or of the details of his narrative, and of the discussions by which he would sustain it, we do not propose to speak at all. That ground is well covered by two articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April and May, written with ample knowledge of the subject and with pungent ability. But we wish to say a word about Mr. Wilson's general trustworthiness as an historian. The claims he puts forth are very bold, and he will not therefore, object to having them tested under the two heads of his *fairness* and of his *learning*—in other words, of his fitness to do what he has undertaken to do.

Many instances may be found of his want of fairness, but we shall confine ourselves to one—the case of Dr. Robertson, the author of the *History of America* and of *Charles V.*

Mr. Wilson tells us, in one of his notes, that his father had been adopted into the family of the head of the Iroquois Indians; and he elsewhere intimates that he regards himself in some sort as a party concerned in whatever relates to the honor of that remarkable nation of savages. He goes out of his way, therefore, to make an attack on Dr. Robertson for saying that the Iroquois, at an earlier period than that in which he wrote his

History of America, were, like many other of the natives of this continent, accustomed sometimes to satiate their revenge by eating their enemies. Mr. Wilson's words are; "Dr. Robertson, principal of the University [High School] of Edinburgh, has immortalized himself by *informing* the world that the Iroquois [the Six Nations] eat human flesh." And then he goes on treating the historian as if he had either invented this charge or taken it lightly and without sufficient inquiry, on the authority of a "Jesuitical author." If he refers, as he probably does, to Charlevoix—a learned and excellent man, who was at one time a missionary in this part of the American continent—we can only say, the statements of Charlevoix are ample and that we feel assured nobody can read his account of the horrors that accompanied the deaths of Father Brebeuf and Father Lallemant, and their being eaten by Iroquois in 1649, without being assured of its truth. But there is no need of going so far, and to a book somewhat uncommon. It is only necessary to look into the "Relation," printed at Paris in 1666, and republished in 1858 in Quebec, under the auspices of the Canadian government, in order to feel equally sure that, in 1661, the Sieur Brigeat was—with circumstances of atrocity too spocking to be repeated—roasted alive and devoured by a party of Iroquois, under no pretext of hunger, for they had just been making "grande chère de leur chasse." Indeed, there is no doubt of the fact that, in the early period of our knowledge of the northern part of our continent, the Iroquois, like other of our fierce savages, sometimes became cannibals from an insatiable revenge. Mr. Wilson wishes to degrade Dr. Robertson for stating this fact in the very mild and cautious way he does, and would have us believe that this most respectable historian has asserted that the Iroquois had continued cannibals when they had been "allies of the British crown two hundred years," although both in his text and in his notes Dr. Robertson says that the practice had long ceased when he wrote, which was about 1775–1777. Now a person who treats history in this way is too prejudiced, or too careless, or too ignorant, or all three, to be trusted. He does not deserve the name of an historian. He is the calumniator he would persuade us to think Dr. Robertson to be.

But the task Mr. Wilson took upon him-

self is not only one that demanded fairness, but it is one that demanded learning: Had he, then, the learning he needed? We might, perhaps, safely leave the answer of this question to the articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* already referred to, where many instances of gross ignorance in great things as well as small are pointed out and exposed. But there is one case so decisive, that we wish to note it separately. It is that of Bernal Diaz del Castillo, the Chronicler of the Conquest. No book in relation to the early history of the Spanish invasion of Mexico has been more relied on than his; for it was written by one who claimed to have fought through all its battles, and who, in his old age, sat down and gave, in great detail, and with that genuine simplicity which is the seal of truth, a history of the whole of it;—one main purpose that he had being to correct the accounts of Gomara, which the clear-headed veteran deemed too favorable to Cortes, whose Secretary Gomara was. Such a work, of course, stood directly in the way of a person like Mr. Wilson, who, in order to maintain his theories about Mexico, was obliged to deny all the received accounts of that extraordinary event, and especially those of Bernal Diaz. After some consideration he seems to have made up his mind that the cheapest and shortest way was to declare boldly that no such man had ever existed;—or, to use his own words, he “with much deliberation concluded to denounce Bernal Diaz as a myth.”

No doubt Mr. Wilson felt himself tolerably safe in this decisive assertion; for to most persons who are in the habit of reading Spanish books, hardly any thing is known of the sturdy old *conquistador*, except what he has himself told us; and this is testimony not to be accepted when the very existence of the person is called in question, for if Bernal Diaz never lived he can never have written the book that bears his name.

But there is, happily, external testimony in the case, and enough of it. A fresh edition of the old Chronicler's work was published at Madrid in 1853, in the twenty-sixth volume of the “*Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*,” and was edited by Don Enrique de Vedia, a scholar who has heretofore interested himself in America and in American literature. In the preface to this edition, Don Enrique says, that, about the year 1689, Don

Francisco de Fuentes y Guzman wrote a History of Guatemala, of which the first portion, in two manuscript volumes, was then before him (Don Enrique de Vedia); that in this history Don Francisco de Fuentes says, with many expressions of affection, that Bernal Diaz was his great-grandfather; and that the original manuscript of his History of the Conquest was still preserved, and showed differences from the printed copy, especially in chapters 164 and 171. These facts Mr. Wilson ought to have known; for they were published to the world six years before he had the hardihood to assert that no such man as Bernal Diaz had ever existed.

But this is not all. The Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, a French gentleman of much learning, has been long interested in the traditions of savage life on this continent, and especially those of its central portions. He was professor at the Seminary of Quebec in 1845. In 1848 he went to Mexico, and became connected there with the French mission of Mons. Levasseur, and travelled much about the country and among the natives, studying their languages and manners till 1851. From 1851 to 1854 he was in Paris and Rome and made careful researches connected with his American studies; and from 1854 to the beginning of 1857 he was in Mexico again and in Guatemala, making fresh and more elaborate local investigations. This gentleman, thus qualified for his task, printed in Paris in 1857 and 1858, the first three volumes, and in this year, 1859, the fourth and last of his “*Histoire des Nations Civilisées du Mexique et de l’Amérique Centrale, durant les siècles antérieurs à Christophe Colomb*,” which he brings down, —so far as the native Indians are concerned, —to the completion of the Spanish conquest of Mexico. In this work, which is full of learning, drawn from original sources and unpublished materials, it is almost needless to say that the Abbé de Bourbourg concurs with the accounts to which we have heretofore trusted, from the time of Cortes to that of Prescott; carrying his investigations, however, much more into detail than anybody has done before him. Still he is not satisfied, and is now, probably, embarked anew for Mexico, in order to pursue still further the subject which has so long been with him not merely an earnest pursuit but a passion.

On his way to Mexico, the Abbé de Bour-

bourg lately passed through Boston, where we had already enjoyed the pleasure of seeing him in 1854. He stopped here only a very short time, and we did not know he was in town, until he called upon us the day before his departure. But we at once spoke to him of Mr. Wilson's book, which he had not seen, and gave him a copy of it, desiring him, at the same time, to put on paper certain facts relating to Bernal Diaz, which he had mentioned in our conversation. The same evening he wrote us a note, which we received after he was gone, and from which the following is a translation of the portion relating to Bernal Diaz. It is dated Boston, 25th April, 1859:—

"I have the honor to address you herewith what you asked of me this morning concerning Bernal Diaz. Not having my books or my notes at hand, I must content myself with putting down from memory what, at the moment, occurs to my recollection.

"Bernal Diaz del Castillo was among the soldiers who landed with Cortés at Vera Cruz, and remained afterwards with him. His name appears in a great number of official acts still extant. It was Bernal Diaz who stood sentinel at the entrance of the Spanish Camp, when the envoys from Cempoalla presented themselves there. In the legal process instituted against Cortés by his enemies, some years after the taking of Mexico, the name of Bernal Diaz appears as one of the witnesses for the defence. Later he is to be traced among the Spaniards, who established themselves in Central America; and he was, for many years, Corregidor of the

city of Guatemala. It was there he wrote his History, and the autograph manuscript, signed by his own hand, is carefully preserved by that municipality among its archives, where I have seen and examined it more than once.

"His signature is often shown among the signatures of the members of the *Cabildo* [the Corporation] of Guatemala, whose records still exist. He died in that city, old and complaining of his poverty."

Our simple-hearted and picturesque chronicler therefore, not only had a descendant in the third generation who was fondly attached to his ancestor's memory; but the autograph manuscript of his ancestor's remarkable book and many of his autograph signatures to official documents, officially preserved, have survived all the revolutions of the unhappy country, the affairs of whose capital city he long administered. This is certainly pretty well for "*a myth*."

But, to be serious, an author who, like Mr. Wilson, makes the boldest assertions and then is obliged to run for luck in order to find evidence that he may hope will support them;—who has so little fairness or judgment as is shown by his treatment of Dr. Robertson, and so little knowledge or spirit of inquiry as he has shown in the case of Bernal Diaz, can really have no claim to the character of an historian. Still less has he a right to speak in any tone except one of perfect deference, when he mentions such names as those of Baron Humboldt and Mr. Prescott.

T.

We copy the following curious paragraph from the Cologne Correspondent of the *Continental Review*.—"We may now again afford to smile at the singular prophecy of that Westphalian shepherd who lived some hundred or hundred and fifty years ago, and who predicted a terrible European war, in the course of which 'the Turks would cool the feet of their horses in the waters of the Rhine.' These things—thus runs the tradition—were to come to pass when carriages ran without horses, and the Prussian soldiers were dressed like the soldiers who crucified

Christ. Carriages do run without horses, and the silhouette of a Prussian in his tunic and helmet is in all respects that of a Roman legionary. But the superstitious who speculated on this singular prophecy could never reconcile with it the decline of Turkish power and the manifest improbability of the Sultan's troops carrying the standard of the Prophet to the banks of the Rhine. They forget that France has Algerine regiments of Spahis and Zouaves, and that many of them are as good Moslems as ever walked in the streets of Stambul."—*Literary Gazette*.

From The Spectator, 28 April.
SELF-PRINTING OF SOUNDS.

WHILE officials and soldiers are pursuing their contests, men of science are peacefully carrying on the investigations which increase the power of mankind, without depriving their fellow-creatures of aught, but, on the contrary, effecting conquests without leaving any vanquished. The distinctness of vocations has too often suggested the prejudice—and it is really of a superficial kind, although it has lasted for ages—that science and the progress of the intellect are independent of political agencies: yet an instant's reflection will dissipate the hallucination. What interrupted the career of Archimedes, but soldiery? What restrains the intellect of Central Italy, but that administration which assumes, as one of the bases of wisdom, that the sun goes round the world? In this respect, Rome and England stand nearly—not quite—at the antipodes of each other; and the consequence is, that in England we have a freedom in the investigations of science, and in the application of it, even to the details of commerce, denied in other countries; though in some other regions of Europe and America, the conquests in this peaceful domain are assuming an importance, a practical, and even a monetary and commercial, value, which, begin to forbid the idea that such questions will much longer be dependent upon the sufferance of politico-military authority. The present day is remarkable in comparison with others, not simply for the number of novel discoveries or applications, but even more for the promptitude with which they are introduced to society at large, and for the pains which philosophic men are taking to endow society with the power of following scientific progress, at least in its intellectual conceptions and its moral deductions. A Herschel is at the pains to come back to the accidence of his vast and profound science, to the very A B C of its machinery, in order that that once condemned individual, the general reader, may share the leading ideas of astronomy, and may participate in the conclusions of the scientific philosopher; and both gain by the participation. For after all, while special minds will seek special departments of activity, it is by the collective intellect of mankind that the grand totals of science are most profitably treated and turned to the greatest

account in advancing the object of all science—the enlargement of human wisdom and human happiness. It matters little to us to know, even proximately, the construction of those solar systems which lie at countless distances from our own, *unless* through the knowledge we arrive at grander conceptions of the universe and its structure, attain more distinctly to a perception of the laws by which it is regulated, and apply that knowledge in our own lives, with a more dutiful obedience to the power that rules the universe. In this aspect, as well as in the more commonly intelligible view of immediate material results, every fresh discovery is now recognized to possess at least a constructive importance.

One such discovery is announced in the current number of the *Photographic News*; for photography itself, a science of our own age, already has so vast a practical business that it supports a journal of its own; and, whether for the practical man or the deep-thinking philosopher, there are few journals more interesting than this weekly paper. At present we notice it, however, for a report on a subject which is only cognate to photography. It is the discovery which appears, at least in its preliminary stages, to be substantiated by M. Léon Scott,—that sounds, like the light from visual objects, can be collected by means of scientific apparatus, and printed off. The reader should buy the number of the *Photographic News*, in order to read the fuller account for himself; we will here only give in a very brief shape the general character of the invention. It is some five years since M. Scott reflected that if the vibrations, or whatever else they may be, of light can be reduced to a permanent record, the vibrations of sounds might be susceptible of analogous treatment. As a guide towards the means, he reflected upon the structure of the human ear; and he planned his apparatus in imitation of that model. It consists of a non-vibrating tube, contracted at the end, so as to concentrate the sound, and it terminates in a highly vibratory membrane. This is the sound-collecting machine, analogous to the darkened chamber and glass of the photographic apparatus. In place of the sensitized paper, he uses a second membrane, covered with a film of semi-fluid lamp-black; and under the impulsion of sound, the second membrane takes off from the first the print of

the vibrations, according to their varying number, intensity, and form. All know that vibrations of different notes vary in their form of action. If a plate of glass be firmly fixed, lightly strewn with sand, and vibrated by means of a violin bow, so as to produce a musical sound, the sand will arrange itself in symmetrical forms; whereas, if the sound be non-musical and discordant, the sand scatters itself in a chaotic confusion. The new apparatus gives to such records much greater variety, nicety, and permanency. In the ordinary pitch of the human voice, which will reach to a considerable distance, it is found that the vibrations will not sensibly disturb the motes of dust floating in a beam of light let into a darkened chamber; yet the vibrations average about *six hundred* in a second of time. Musical vibrations vary in their celerity with the height or depth of the pitch. As we have seen, they produce vibrations which effect easily-moved substances, so as to arrange them in different forms; and in this way M. Scott has already recorded the characteristic sounds distinguishing various musical instruments,—the human voice, discordant screams, a shout, a howl, or an explosion. Perhaps the nicety of the record will be better understood by an experiment *not* relating to sound. A steel spinning-top is spun upon a gently inclined plane; and a blackened membrane so completely records every revolution and libration of the top, that the number of revolutions and balancings can be counted. M. Scott has not yet accomplished any recorded character derived from *articulate* sounds, such as those of speech, but he has made the first step; he has an autographic printed record of sound, distinguishing its intensity, tone, pitch, and character. And what he has already accomplished compels us to receive with some faith the statement of his opinion, that he shall probably be able to work out a record of articulate sounds.

At this day undoubtedly the philosopher has a right to say that "he shall be excused from replying to the commonplace objection, 'what is the use of it?'" When the musing philosopher first noted the explosive effect of

evaporated steam in an old wine flask, he could not possibly have foreseen the apparatus, or the applications of the apparatus, which have been developed by many a Watt and Stephenson intellect; but from the first he recognized the new discovery which they have made to be an engine, not only for creating wealth—that is but the auxiliary question—but for increasing the means of human life, and thus even for increasing the numbers, and aggregate *volume*, of human life—distinct things. When Franklin began to experiment on electricity, it is more than probable that his dreams were dimly haunted with some of the uses that have now become familiar to us. And we now begin to learn that instead of mistrusting or ridiculing the first evidences of a newly perceived force in nature, we should accept the discovery, in the certainty that it will add to our means of life, although we may not from the first be able to predict the method in which we shall apply it.

With regard to this new discovery, however, there are so many reasons for supposing that direct uses may be derived from it, corroborated by so many analogies from the progress of photography, that few will read M. Scott's memoir without sharing in his hopes of bringing it, even within our own lifetime, to a more complete development and a practical utility.

Indeed, already a practical use for the discovery is seen. Aided by M. Rudolphe Koenig, M. Scott is able to register the vibrations of a diapason of the number of a thousand a second. The apparatus has been applied to one of M. Redier's chronometers, in such a manner that the number of the vibrations can be rigorously determined. Thus, by a process more scientific and precise than any yet suggested, is solved the problem for which the French Government, as we have already noticed, issued a commission—that of fixing a standard of musical pitch. This success with reference to an almost universal art is, we are convinced, only an earnest, though an important earnest, of the achievements in which M. Scott has made the first practical beginning.

THE LAST WITCH BURNING.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

At Forfar, June —, 17—.

THERE was a swoon of yellow cloud,
A scud of wind-tossed blue,
A drift of vapor, crimson proud,
Shot purple through and through,
Then a scurl of the grays of a wild-dove's wing
With shifting pearly hue.

At Forfar, on a bright June eve
(The sun in blazoned pride),
They led old Elspeth to the stake,
Her withered hands both tied;
They brought her with a blast of pipes,
As men bring home a bride.

The pointing children hooted her,
Even the beggar's bitch
Bit at her as she trembling went
To die—"the poisoning witch."
Patched cloaks flocked with soft scarlet hoods—
The poor as well as rich.

They struck her as men do a thief,
Pelting the blackening mud;
They would not stay to file the bridge,
But dragged her through the flood
Old bedrid hags from windows screamed
Longing to drink her blood.

Looking across the fields you saw
Black lines, that widened out,
Of ploughmen running; on the wind
Came curse and groan and shout:
But, God! to hear no single sob
Or sigh from all that rout!

She gasped for mercy. Ask the dog
To spare the strangling life
That in the vixen moans and barks
Deep in the tumbling strife;
Or ask the Indian chief to give
Mercy when blood is rife.

Old Elspeth, with her lean arms crossed
Humbly upon her breast,
Walks painfully with bleeding feet,
A rope strains round her chest;
Sickly her watery eyes upturn
To the gallows further west.

Her coil is off, her ragged hair,
Snow-streaked with wintry years,
Floats out when any gust of wind
Brings billowing storms of cheers:
The rolling mob still screech and roar,
No bloodshot eye drops tears.

She kissed a Bible,—close she kept
The volume to her lips;
Oh! then arose a flame of yells
As when war's red eclipse
Passes. The leaping hangman then
Cried out for "stronger whips."

Yet all this time the mounting larks
Sang far from human toil,—
Miles, miles around the ripening corn
Was in a golden boil;
The bee upon the blue flower swings
In restless, happy moil.

With stolid care across the moor

The distant death-bell rung,
And drowning it five thousand screamed
The ribald dirge that's sung
When the great King Devil has his own,
And another witch is hung.

'Twas pitiful to see them bind
Those shrunk limbs to the stake;
Her idiot sisters' thankful smiles
Approve the pains they take,
And all the cruel, mocking care
With which the sticks they break.

A calcined collar round her neck
The hard-faced hangman fits,
An iron chain around her waist
And round her ankles knits,
As ready for the fire his man
The beach log cleaves and splits.

They thrust the cruel arrowy flame
Into the billet heaps,
Its fiery, serpent quivering tongues
Make eager, hungry leaps;
The poor old creature stretched her hands
To warm them. No one weeps!

The savage tiger fire is lit,
A thunder-cloud of smoke,
In one ribb'd column tall and black,
Rose thirty feet, then broke:
It blotted out the setting sun
As with a burial cloak.

You heard from thickness of the cloud
The mumble of a prayer,
And lo! a shriek, swift, dagger keen,
Sprang up and stabbed the air,
Then just one burning hand that strove
To wave and beckon there.

A silence came upon the crowd,
As when the softening spring
Breaks up the icy northern seas,
Melting ring after ring:
Then, rising o'er their guilty heads,
The lark sought Heaven's King.

Was it the sinner's pleading soul
That rose up to those skies,
High, high above the burning light
And sea of brutal eyes,
The storms and eddies round the stake
Of brutal wild-beast cries?

* * * * *
An hour ago! Now but a ring
Of ashes silvery white,
And filmy sparks that broke in blooms
Of fitful scarlet light,
When scudding winds, with fiery gush,
Drove the children left and right.

And chief amongst the staring crowd
A child laughed with those bands—
She was the maid the hag bewitched
Upon the laird's own lands;
And when she saw the ash blow red
She clapped her little hands.

Thank God, the frightened, cruel folk
Ne'er lit that fire again;
None wore that calcined collar more,
With its gripping, throttling strain—
'Twas a cruel deed, and only sweet
To the bigot's blighted brain.

—Bentley's Miscellany.

From the Independent. A "Star paper" by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

SINCE the days of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and the pet Spectators, Ramblers, Idlers and Adventurers, what an advance has been made! There are more books than ever before, and as good ones; the quarterlies are but books jointly composed by several co-operating authors, and contain papers, often, which represent the ripe results of a whole lifetime's experience or reflection in every department of learning. The monthlies, if less stately, are hardly less able; and all this is without prejudice to the weekly and daily newspapers, which command some of the best thinkers and writers in England and America.

It was a happy thought, to select from this wide range of matter the best articles in every department, and by bringing them together in a new work, to give to the people at a very moderate sum, the cream of a hundred different inaccessible and expensive magazines and papers. But this Mr. Littell has done, and done so well as to have deserved and earned for himself the thanks and esteem of all grateful readers. Our readers have doubtless seen the stereoscopic boxes which contain from twenty-five to a hundred plates, which, revolving, come up in succession before the eye and present living pictures from every part of the world. This is just what Mr. Littell does for us in literary matters. His *Living Age* is a stereoscopic series of the learned and literary doings of the world. It comes every week with a new set of pictures, reflecting every side of the writing world, scientific, philosophical, historic, didactic, critical, statistical, poetic; narrative, biography, stories—in short, every thing except stupid goodness and smart immorality.

Out of so wide a field to select with taste and good judgment, requires a talent, in its way, quite as rare as that which produces a brilliant article. Every plodder cannot select wisely. It demands great industry, multifarious reading, a nicety of taste and tact, which are none the less praiseworthy because so few think to praise them. Readers are an ungrateful set. They seldom think of their obligations to those who prepare for them the endless treasure of the printed page. They seem to think that an author or compiler should be grateful and satisfied if they only

buy and admire. But there is for nobler natures a payment in coin less gross but more precious. If we were to express the sense of love and gratitude which we feel to the authors that have companied with us, first as teachers, and since as reverend companions, we should scarcely find words or space for the fulness of the offering! We love to cherish a sense of unpayable obligation to great hearts. And there is no man who performs the humblest service in the realm of learning and literature, who has not a right to the honors and gratitude of benefactor.

Mr. Littell is not pursuing a new or recent thing. As long ago as 1836 we became subscribers to the *Museum*, a work similar to *The Living Age*, published monthly at Philadelphia. This was the beginning of a second series. We know not when the first one began. What a period between 1836 and 1859! And what a treasure is a consecutive series of volumes made up of the best matter which has appeared in that long period of more than twenty years!

Of *The Living Age* we have a complete set upon our shelves, and we find it universally popular and useful. For invalids, on whose hands time hangs heavily, and whose capricious taste every day needs some new resource, these bound volumes must be invaluable. For those who resort to the country in summer, and wish an abundance of miscellaneous reading; for long voyages: for those who love to go back to other years and read of events which now are histories, but then were transpiring, we can cordially commend this unfailingly interesting series. Every year they grow more interesting, not only by the progressive contents, but because as we recede from past years, we find it delightful to have the means of recalling them. Those who have full sets of *The Edinburgh Review*, *The Quarterly*, and who can read the articles which were written upon the appearance of Byron's poems, Scott's, Crabbe's, the *Waverley* Novels, etc., know how deeply interesting that contemporaneous criticism becomes with every year that lengthens the period between us and it. But we must not trespass upon the space, further, in this busy week. And we perform but a duty, while it is a pleasure, in saying that we congratulate him who has, and pity him who has not, upon his shelves the now almost little library—*Littell's Living Age*.

From The Westminster Review.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

THE Italian question is acknowledged to be the great diplomatic question of the day. The Congress of Paris by spontaneously including it amongst the subjects for its deliberation, has publicly recognized its importance. By this act on the part of a conclave, the constituted representation of legal Government in Europe, the Italian question was manumitted from the condition of a vain hypothesis, and introduced amongst the elements of European politics. Since that event three years have passed away, but the political state of Italy continues as before. The deliberations of diplomacy are unavoidably slow, so that its judgments, like those of old Chancery, are apt to be forestalled by the death of the original suitors, who, unless driven to lawless despair at procrastination, relieved the court from the responsibility of a decision, by taking into their own hands the righting of our wrongs. There are alarming symptoms at the present moment indicating the likelihood of such a catastrophe with reference to Italy. The spirit of disaffection and national impulse, first obliged to bow to defeat and afterwards content to restrain itself in confident expectation of the results of the Paris Congress, is now beginning to manifest itself throughout the Peninsula, with an intensity that warrants the forebodings of an outbreak, and makes it desirable that we should take a timely review of a state of affairs which may not impossibly embroil Europe in a general war, and must under all circumstances bespeak the attention of the English Government in the unavoidable assertion of its legitimate influence. The general ignorance of the English public about matters of foreign policy, extending often in a lamentable degree even to our statesmen, makes this the more necessary, lest we find ourselves imprudently committed beyond return in a question from its very complicated nature striking into, and threatening to affect, all the interests of Europe.

A people which has by rebellion wrest its independence from the stern gripe of foreign enthrallment, strong in a thoroughly efficient and numerous army, has to achieve a victory which seems but just possible to an undivided effort of convulsive despair. Again, a people which at home is called upon to starve into surrender, and which has to extort

concessions of right, from its government, strong in a citadel of immemorial privilege and armed with the panoply of executive force, has before it a task, the success of which seems to demand its united energies. What, then, are the chances of success for a people aiming at reform under circumstances that impose the necessity of at once fighting a foreign foe of first-rate power, and of coercing at home five governments, several of which are connected with him by indissoluble ties, and all deriving from his solid establishment the main buttress for their own existence? Preliminary discussions are fatal to that rapid concert of action which alone can ensure the overthrow of an enemy, who, from his commanding strongholds throughout the country, seems in a position to trample out at once the first fire of rebellion. Is it not inevitable, then, that a people, having no traditional plans by which such preliminary discussions are rendered needless must be overtaken by confusion in their attempts to construct a unity out of atoms never yet brought together? This consideration has not escaped the observation of the Italians. The public mind throughout the country is animated with the conviction that every thing is to be postponed to the emancipation of the native soil from Austrian dominion, that victory in Lombardy must of itself release the whole of Italy from oppression, and that therefore all questions of constitutions and international arrangements are as nothing until freedom from the foreigner is achieved. It is evident, if this sentiment has been sincerely adopted by the bulk of the intelligent population, and is not merely cherished with self delusive complacency, that as long as there is no real necessity for abdicating individual pretensions or renouncing pet schemes, there exists the best possible pledge that the people will avail themselves of any opportunity which may present itself for asserting their independence. But the opinion that this feeling has made such progress as to be able to give for a sufficient time a common direction to the scattered members of Italian nationality, and to repress what is affirmed to be an inveterate disposition for asserting individual rights in a degree incompatible with general discipline, we find many gainsayers, who point with derision to the perpetual conflict of Italians amongst themselves since the fall of the Roman Empire to the failure marked with disastrous incidents

that crowned the effort of 1848, and lastly to the influence that is supposed to attach to the occult inspiration and mysterious machinery of Mazzinian organization. To our mind the men who reason in this manner fall from rigid veneration for tradition into a misapprehension of the truth as extreme as that of those who immolate themselves for a conceit, the result of imaginative enthusiasm.

Mazzini was powerful in 1848 for the best of reasons: he had done immense services, greater than those of any other man, in keeping alive the torch of liberal ideas in the period of desolation and gloom, when an undying conviction could alone prevent the heart of man from sinking into apathetic indifference. When, therefore, the great movement came overnight, and the magic vision of success flashed suddenly on the wakening eyes of Italy, enthusiastic confidence was elicited for the prophetic nature of the man, whose hierophantic breathings, communicated at midnight meetings in the mystic conclaves of Carbonari lodges, had quickened the generous devotion of youth, had buoyed up with fevered assurances the despondency of maturer years, had been sufficient to make noble lives seek voluntary martyrdom, in obedience to whispered bidding, and now seemed to have attained the confirmation of their pledges in the indisputable testimony of positive achievement. No historical tradition held up a pattern to imitation, and still less did any actual institution lend the assistance of its support to the longing efforts of Italian Liberalism. There was literally nothing in the whole range of Italian prospects capable of affecting the contemplative with hope, or of attracting his sympathies. The leaden gloom of stagnation and mean oppression seemed to pervade the regions of government in the Peninsula. Under such circumstances a heart, not to subside into indifference or end in despair, had to recur to the depths of abstract conviction for the bracing elements that might enable it to bear up against adversity. In the complete divorce between generous aspiration and wretched reality—in the utter impossibility to find any point of affinity between the two—mind was forcibly directed for solace to the realm of imagination, where it could freely intoxicate itself with the uncompromising indelible rights of man, and visions of their ultimate triumph over the incomparable enormities of existing establishments. Now Mazzinians in this frame

of mind elaborated into a doctrine, and perfected into an organization. Its language breathed the inspiration of the most abstract principles, its views were such elaborate visions as seem from an imagination rapt in trance above disturbances from things without, while the mystic symbolism pervading its secret organization with its form of initiation, esoteric illuminations, and oracular hierarchy, was exactly adapted to foster a chronic fever of the imagination, and answer the purposes of a season necessarily confined in its operations to conspiring, and occultly propagating underground disaffection. It cannot be denied that this was the work of no ordinary talent. Mazzini is the very genius of conspiracy: with nothing to encourage him but the undeviating fervor of his ardent mind, he contrived a society, which alone under the circumstances of the time could give some combination and direction to the scattered particles of Italian energy, and it cannot therefore be matter of wonder that he should have acquired over his partisans an influence which partook of veneration; and which enabled him, like the Old Man of the Mountain, to command emissaries who rejoiced to be devotees.

But that which constituted Mazzini's power in a period of appeal to the imaginative faculties precisely defeated his usefulness in dealing with events. With an utter absence of appreciation, he insisted on reconstructing in behalf of Liberalism the inflexible system represented on the other side of canon law. As the vision of united Italy had risen before his mind in secluded meditation, so alone would he consent to entertain it. He could never bring himself to make any account of circumstances, and as all legislation beside its own edicts is undeserving of notice by the Papacy, so Mazzini, assuming the infallible character of the Pontiff of Liberalism, denounced and sought to thwart every reform short of his own thorough revolution. In 1848 this imperfection in his mind was not yet discovered, while in the first burst of that year's events the full impression of his seer-like assurances weighed on his disciples with even heightened ecstasy. But since then a great desertion has taken place amongst his followers. Against the boon bestowed on Italy by Piedmont, were it only in the fact that on Italian soil it has opened a school free from oppressive control for discussions of every kind, Mazzini has not only remained

blind, but has actually persisted to plot with spiteful and unnatural animosity, merely because its form does not partake of his favorite republican fashion. Under the influence of self-opinionativeness he has allowed himself to be hurried into actions which amount to deliberate treason against the common cause of national independence. In defiance of every consideration, Mazzini, with perverse arrogance, has refused to yield one tittle of his republican views for the sake of union in the great purpose of liberating his country from the foreigner. Isolating himself therefore from patriots of every shade who were not ready to subscribe to his exclusive opinions, Mazzini for awhile maintained a following of some importance, composed mostly of sincere Republicans in theory, and augmented by men painfully impressed with the closing circumstances of the outbreak of 1848, and consequently inclined to seek in extreme measures the only adequate remedy for inveterate ills. But Piedmont, which at that time had not yet acquired general confidence, has since then been steadily winning esteem. Its undoubted good faith, and sacrifices to the cause of independence and free government, has obtained for it at least general sympathy in Italy. Mazzini, on the contrary, not only refused to co-operate with it, but used the spell of his influence to impel the devotion of his adherents to insane attempts, entailing useless bloodshed, and shocking the good sense of the nation by their wicked recklessness. The crowning act was his criminal conspiracy to seize the forts of Genoa, and thus to introduce rebellion and civil war into the State which serves certainly as the champion for Italy, and the sanctuary of her struggling children, a proceeding so monstrous as to have aroused general indignation amongst his party. In Genoa itself a declaration of his leading followers has lately been drawn up, renouncing adherence to him, and the same spirit of defection is prevalent everywhere. The chief has incurred an amount of discredit which has killed the party. From being a power in Italy, Mazzini has now sunk into the insignificant ringleader of a band capable of still creating serious disturbances in some localities, but quite unable to establish any permanent influence. Nor is this neglect of Mazzini in any way the result of unjust fickleness on the part of the public. His system, even if less indiscreetly employed, is quite unfit for the present

phase of affairs. Mazzinianism reached the natural term of its existence the day the political action of Italy was freed from the necessity of lurking in the mummeries of Carbonari lodges, and could display itself on a public arena, at once the school for proper discipline, and a stage whence to make its claims heard through Europe.

But if the authority of Mazzini's influence and the effective force of his organized system for conspiracy have been thus reduced, what elements are there now in Italy capable, and likely, in the event of an outbreak, to give a character to the movement? To render to ourselves an account of them, it is necessary to examine the conditions of each Italian territory by itself. Beginning in the order of position, and in the present state of things of importance, with the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, we here find a population of about five millions animated with a common sentiment of hostility against their Austrian rulers. The universal prevalence of this feeling was proved in the general revolt of 1848, but it is a fact that at that time this feeling was coupled with others weakening its effective force and intensity. They were the natural result of want of intercourse and acquaintance with each other on the part of the population in the different territorial divisions of Northern Italy, rather than of confirmed disposition to personal views or local jealousies incompatible with concert. This state of feeling has ceased to exist. The expression of a frame of mind that did not represent obstinacy wedded to prejudice, but the blank absence of knowledge, it has yielded of itself to the evidence of facts. We have arrived at the conviction that throughout the Lombardo-Venetian provinces there rules one dominant sentiment along with hostility to the Austrians, the desire to form integral portions of a kingdom which is to have the King of Piedmont for its sovereign. Many who acknowledge the present prevalence of this profession of political feelings consider it, however, as either directly false, a mere lure to ensnare Piedmontese assisted in driving out the Austrian forces, or as at least a piece of hasty self-delusion, which will vanish the day circumstances give an opening to local ambitions; and they point to the events of 1848 in confirmation of their views. This reasoning is of a kind easily carrying assent by a show of evidence which, on examination, is found to

partake of entire misapprehension and distorted appreciation of what really took place. The outbreak of 1848 was an effort on the part of Italy to leap into possession of her full strength out of the disjointed condition in which she had allowed herself to lie ever since the break up of the Roman Empire. Animated therefore by an impulsive desire to compass something novel to her previous existence, the movement was unavoidably destitute of those wise influences which spring from experience and practical insight, and which of themselves steady action when confined to the recovery of an object which is the mere consummation of long preparatory labor. An abstract idea fervently embraced was the source of inspiration, and the fanciful image of an united Italy, as held up to the visionary ecstasy of Carbonari mystics, had been the nearest approach to a definite indication of the work that was to be performed. When the blaze of rebellion suddenly fired the mine throughout Italy, the people indeed rushed with ready zeal to promote its spread, but this action, like that of men called out into the dark on a sudden alarm, was embarrassed by confusion. The Lombard and the Venetian started up sincerely enthusiastic about merging their existence in a united Italy; but nothing in their traditions instinctively suggested the propriety of beginning by a combination amongst themselves. Though both were alike ready for sacrifices in behalf of an Italian State, neither of them had any reminiscences which could naturally impel them on occasions of this struggle at once to seek each other out with the self-denying spirit that could constitute a polity at least between them. No portion of Italy had been accustomed to repose upon its neighbors, and thus there was nowhere that germ of concert ready which in critical moments can alone with requisite quickness bring the assistance that by energy and example is able to assume direction, and save a movement from defeating itself. This proved disastrous to rapid success, and before the Italians had time to make good their first fault, events put a stop to their chances; but it is not true that they willfully persevered in their errors.

Charles Albert was not hailed at first with the devotion which might seem to have been his due; but to us his partial disfavor seems most natural. He arrived at the very beginning of the movement, when the population

was still in the transport of its Italian feeling, and no time had been allowed to review and estimate the condition of affairs. His character was of a nature not only to warrant, but actually to suggest suspicion, and his course of proceeding the very one sure to ruffle all the susceptibilities of the hour. A Carbonari conspirator in his early days, he had willingly purchased personal pardon by betraying his unfortunate accomplices. On succeeding to the throne he had ruled with the narrow-mindedness of a priest-ridden bigot, and the jealous harshness of a giant so mistrustful as even to doubt his own family, during years when Liberalism could hold up no tempting prospects to his ambition. On the reform movement being inaugurated by Pius IX., he slowly and laggingly followed in its wake. It was only when the King of Naples had conceded a constitution that Charles Albert would consent to grant one to his subjects. Nor were the Piedmontese popular as a nation. Indeed they were hardly considered to be Italians, and were looked at in much the same light in which the Macedonians before Alexander's time had been regarded by the Greeks. On setting his army in motion, Charles Albert issued proclamations with the most high-flown professions of patriotic disinterestedness, in which he disclaimed all idea of personal motives, and declared that the satisfaction of contributing to his fellow-countrymen's delivery was all the reward he desired. Yet, from the very first day, an active and glaring canvass to set the crown of Lombardy on his head was carried on, without doubt at the king's instigation, by men who were notorious emissaries, and his whole behavior was of a kind to instil the suspicion that its regulating principle was the desire to make his assistance the means of concluding a bargain advantageous to himself. It could not but be that in the full excitement of the Italian sentiment, this view, with its contingent prospects of submission to a distrusted prince and annexation to what then was an obscure and unpopular State, must have been at first sight uninviting to many. Yet it is an authenticated fact, that on a serious appeal to the people to decide by their vote the future constitution of their country, this instinctive good sense elected union with Piedmont. In the flush of intoxicating success, in the tide of opinions directly calculated to foment inflated exaltation, with Mazzini untarnished in credit

and actively engaged in fanning the spirit of his adherents, the Republicans and Separatist party yet vanished in smoke. In Lombardy, as far as it was free from the Austrians, five hundred and sixty-one thousand and two votes were given for incorporation with Piedmont, against only six hundred and eighty-one; while in Venice, where the question was left to the decision of the assembly, and the separatist feeling was supposed to be strongest, it was carried by one hundred and twenty-seven against six. In the presence of this deliberate resolution, approved of by such overwhelming majorities, it seems to us absurd to lay emphatic stress upon the seditious manifestations against Charles Albert on the occasion of the executions of Milan. It was a moment pre-eminently calculated to confound the mind of the people. From the height of success they found themselves pitched into the depths of humiliation, with the same rapidity with which they had been elated. What had been looked upon one day with the delight of secure possession, was discovered the next to be hopelessly shivered. A wild and profound consternation, and a perfect conflict of disordered feelings therefore arose, paramount over which was a concentrated animosity against those who had been invested with the direction of affairs, and who now were hastily denounced as traitors. It is evident that no just inference can be deduced from what occurred in a moment of such complete disturbance, and that whoever makes this the starting-point for his calculations, commits the same error as a man who, reflecting on human nature, makes the proceedings of a madman the basis for his speculations. Every reason which in 1848 could tell in favor of Piedmont, tells now with redoubled force. What then was looked to only with the confidence of inward conviction, is now beheld in the impressive attraction of a proved fact, within the cognizance of all.

Our observations have led us to the conclusion that it is not only a sentiment of reliance which animates the Lombards towards Piedmont. They seem to us to have completely identified themselves in feeling with it, to consider themselves merely lopped off members of it, and to be panting for the actual consummation of a union. No man more illustrious for talent and character appeared in 1848 than Manin. His genius was essentially that of a noble-minded statesman,

which did not, however, prevent his entering into the movement with the predilections of a republican, and with sentiments strongly disinclined to accept a Piedmontese sovereignty. Yet Manin died in Paris a firm and zealous adherent of Piedmont. The efforts of his last years were all directed with indefatigable energy to promote by his counsel and weight the adhesion of public opinion to the House of Savoy. Now, Manin was one of those men who at once are types and leaders; the secret of their influence residing in a practical sense which makes them intuitively reflect the conformation of things; and we believe that he represents in the revolution his feelings underwent a conversion that has been growing in intensity throughout Northern Italy. It is often asserted that the Austrian rule is not detested by the whole population; that the disaffected only constitute a section, consisting especially of the nobility and upper classes, who are merely animated by a craving for authority; that the ease and material prosperity consequent on the efficient provisions of Austrian administration have won the acquiescence of those large portions of the community living by trade and industry, and that above all the agricultural population is strongly in favor of the existing government, so that it would be ready actively to co-operate in coercing any movement on the part of men whom in their characters of landlords and proprietors it is represented as hating. And this is not merely said by men who might be pardoned for greater zeal than knowledge. Austrian politicians of standing do not hesitate to bring forward these arguments with all the weight of their authority, so that we think it worth while shortly to give our reasons for completely disbelieving their correctness.

The Austrian rule can only be said not to be detested with unanimous intensity throughout Northern Italy in that sense in which every sentiment running through a population of great extent must naturally encounter degrees of modification. Thus in Lombardy there is a general difference in spirit between the inhabitants of its northern and southern districts. The former are a more hardy, defiant, and impetuous race, while the latter, living in the affluent and luxuriant plains, are more inert and inclined to contract something of the immobility that attaches to the richness of their soil. These would never be the

pioneers of a revolt, while those, on the contrary, are of an indomitable forwardness; and this comprises the whole distinction. The men in the plains of Lodi have never shown any sympathy for Austria; on the contrary, they were very active participators in the early stages of the rebellion. They must not be relied on for a forlorn hope, or to hold out in desperate resistance to the last, because their temper naturally inclines them to the peaceful pursuits of the dairy and the mart; but their feelings are Italian; they would cheerfully obey an authority that speaks to them with the form of a constituted government; they will contribute their quota to a conscription levied by order from the ruling power; only if the war lasted long they would probably be the first to sigh for the fleshpots of Egypt. So far is it from being true that the Austrian government has by a good administration conciliated the good-will of any class, that on the contrary it has inflamed the animosity of the whole country by its exactions during the last ten years. In 1847, the clear revenue drawn from the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, after all deductions, amounted to 96,285,793 francs. It is calculated that in 1855, owing to increased taxation, the sum transmitted to Vienna amounted to 137,600,000 francs. No class has escaped the lynx-eyed rapacity of the exchequer, but the agricultural one has especially suffered from the heavy imposts laid on land, and rendered fearfully oppressive through the occurrence of a series of deficient crops from diseases of a mysterious nature. This has caused great misery and even absolute destitution in some of the more northern districts; amongst which the Valtellina has been one of the most heavily visited, so that the animosity of these parts is now heightened by the rancor peculiar to the bitterness of personal suffering. Nor has the effect of these exactions been in any way mitigated by considerate treatment on the part of the officials.

The Austrian government is of all the least supple, and its agents are the most painfully inept for suiting the lumber of traditional instruction to modern requirements. It is indeed not a spirit of active and wanton tyranny which actuates them, but a spirit of offensive clumsiness pervades their conduct which makes them blindly contrive on all occasions to wound the feelings of those with whom they have to deal, and converts their zeal into dull

obsequiousness that never departs from the letter of prescription, and never rises to sufficient independence of judgment to be capable of enlightening its superiors by counsel or information that might seem to convey remonstrance against the wisdom of their views. A government depending on such inferior instruments, and yet called upon to deal with the most complicated difficulties, is ever exposed to be misled into fatal errors through the blundering servility of those to whom it trusts for wholesome advice. This has been emphatically the case with regard to its Italian possessions, where the notions of stringent centralization in the hands of an irresponsible executive, which formed the sum of Schwarzenberg's military mind, have been made the principle of government. Re-entering by force of arms into possession of provinces that had risen in unanimous rebellion, the Austrians did nothing to confirm their hold thereon beyond subjecting them to the strict watch of military occupation. No concessions were made, and no institutions were granted that might in some sense respond to the known aspirations of the people, and tend eventually perhaps to propitiate the goodwill of that numerous class in all countries which is disinclined to violence, and from motives of prudence and calculation always ready to abide by what is existing, should it yield the slightest satisfaction to its limited and very humble demands. We do not pretend to affirm that the situation of the Austrian government was free from most perplexing embarrassments, and that any administration possible on its part would have sincerely conciliated the population at large. On the contrary, we believe the national sentiment in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces to be beyond compulsion, and that it would certainly have tried to turn into its organ and instrument whatever institutions the government might have granted. But this consideration is foreign to the question how the Austrians stand actually in their Italian provinces, unless as affording a confirmation of their necessarily absolute isolation from their subjects in the exclusive position which they have obstinately assumed.

Much noise, indeed, was made in the papers, a couple of years ago, about great modifications to be introduced in the system on the occasion of the emperor's brother acquiring the viceroyalty. It was then represented that

the close dependence on Vienna, which had made the governor of Lombardy a mere subaltern, should cease; that the Archduke was to be a viceroy in the full meaning of the word, as well as in the full enjoyment of the pageant. With a prince of the blood-royal habitually residing in the capitals of the provinces, a new life was to be infused into the whole system of administration. Italians were to form the staff of government; the provincial councils were to be endowed with active powers; in short, it was announced that, as far as was compatible with the fact of foreign suzerainty, the just demands of national feeling should be complied with by a government consulting the experience of native counselors, gratifying honorable ambition by studiously fostering it; and, above all, actively promoting the material prosperity of the people. But all this proved so complete a hoax that it might have been left unnoticed by us but for the damaging ridicule it has heaped on government. The Archduke, a young man of more ardent intentions than wisdom, really fancied himself invested with the powers of a viceroy, but with characteristic indiscretion, he was satisfied to assume his post without having first taken the precaution to secure the confirmation of the authority with which he believed himself to be entrusted. On his arrival in Lombardy, never doubting himself to be in charge of full power, he acted and spoke with the assurance of the Emperor's representative, receiving petitions, promising concessions, pledging himself to obtain favor. But the expectation inevitably raised by all this flourish of spontaneous condescension, altogether out of place with what hitherto had happened, was to end in such thorough hollowness as to produce the universal impression of an intended imposture. The truth is, that the leaven of inveterate tradition prevailed in Vienna over any independent inclinations that at times sprang up in the Emperor. The confederation of official pedants, strong in the obstinacy of imbibed prejudice, was more than his feeble resolution could prevent itself from succumbing to. The Archduke viceroy's suggestions submitted to these Aulic counselors were criticised with all the deference due to their author, and all the dull fostering of musty formalisms, but were nevertheless positively rejected with the stolid impassibility which appertains to non-comprehension. Thus was presented the spectacle of an imperial

viceroy ushered in with every flourish which could enhance expectation; then reduced to the pitiable humiliation of seeing himself crossed in every measure by the determined opposition of the ministers, his suggestions disregarded and his promises disavowed, until his authority had been cut down to such miserable proportions as not to allow him even to accede to a proposition for a change in the uniform of a body of firemen without reference to head-quarters. The consequence is, that on the one hand the Archduke has become an object of derision to the quick-witted Italians, while on the other there has spread a renewed and bitter conviction that, with an administration indissolubly wedded to notions of stern centralization, and determined, without regard for local peculiarities, on forcing the roller of levelling uniformity, ballasted by a crushing weight of burdens, throughout a discordant empire, there is no hope for any relief from those vexatious grievances which are notoriously exhausting the country, and whose injustice has been tacitly acknowledged by the Archduke's attempts to advocate their removal. In a word, the Archduke's mission has been worse than a failure; it has glaringly revealed how it is beyond the nature of things to bridge over by any contrivance the gulf between Lombardy and Vienna; while to the slurs already fixed on government, that of discrediting ridicule has now been added. There has not even been obtained the fallacious success of being able ostentatiously to exhibit the brilliant pageant of a court that might claim to be of native composition, and dazzle observation by a show of popular attendance. The society of Milan may be said to have stood entirely aloof from the court, in spite of every effort to entice the aristocracy into its service; in fact, the Court has been obliged to abstain from State-balls through want of guests that could be invited. It is true that some few individuals prominently implicated in 1848, as far as lending their names went, have availed themselves of the amnesty, and returned to Milan, but they are very few in number, mostly suffering from financial embarrassments, damaged in any reputation they ever possessed by this act of compromise, and put thoroughly beyond the pale of society. The Court circle does not amount to much above thirty families, and these are not accessions; they are old Austrian adherents, intimately

allied with Vienna by ties of long standing, and gave it the full benefit of their influence before and during 1848, so that their weight in the country can be fairly appreciated. Indeed this total estrangement between the Austrians and all the intelligent classes is not disputed by the former, but they are fond of asserting that hostility is restricted to these and that they can confidently reckon on the active assistance of the rural population, in consequence of its enmity against the proprietors of the soil. This view, which is prevalent in regions which ought to be the best informed in Austria, is to us most startling. We have ourselves the most intimate conviction that there is no shadow of reason to warrant its being entertained, and we would take its undoubtedly general acceptance in Austria as a single instance of the disastrous consequences that can be entailed by servants who consider themselves bound in duty to revere their master's wishes for gospel truth, whose education induces them unconsciously perhaps, but yet servilely, to report on all matters in the sense they would have them wear, and from an abject worship for authority precipitate its disasters by taking pleasure in pampering it with stupid adulations.

There is no country in Europe so free from social disaffection as Italy. The ideas involved in Socialism and Communism, and bearing reference to an unequal division of enjoyment and labor between rich and poor, have made no way in Italy. The ground is essentially unsuited to their propagation, from the close union which pervades all classes. There are high titles and illustrious names in Lombardy, but society itself is not aristocratic—it is on one level for all, whether accidentally bearing titles or not; and for the peasantry, the one is just as much the signore as the other. There is no ill-will between the gentry in their capacity of proprietors and the rural population, but, on the contrary, a very friendly feeling from old and unbroken associations. There are no feudal rights and vexatious privileges which could make the one objects of hatred to the other, or excite feelings of jealous envy. The intercourse between peasantry and gentry has something which partakes of the patriarchal, combined with modern familiarity. The Austrian official, trained in countries where the relationship of lord and dependent are of the most uncomfortable kind—taught by his experi-

ence in Slavonic regions of the existence of a force that, in the case of revolt, can be effectively turned against the nobles, its general promoters, has, with his usual want of discrimination, transferred to Lombardy the foregone conclusions arrived at in Poland. And that this is not a gratuitous interpretation of our own, is evidenced by an officially authenticated piece of delusion in the highest quarters, which will be acknowledged as such by everybody. In a dispatch of April 2, 1848, to Lord Palmerston, Lord Ponsonby reports a conversation with Count Ficquelmont, at that time Minister of Foreign Affairs at Vienna, but who had himself occupied the highest civil post in Lombardy, and ought therefore to have been thoroughly acquainted with its circumstances. We find this statesman reported to have expressed an opinion that "Austria could at any moment she liked avail herself of the peasantry against their superiors, so that she would have perfect facility in procuring the ruin and destruction of those persons," at the very time that events were publicly giving the lie to these assertions. It is a notorious fact, corroborated by official documents to be found in the papers laid before Parliament, that the peasantry everywhere joined in the movement against the Austrians. There is no instance on record where the contrary was the case. It is true that when disaster overcame their efforts, some districts lost heart, and even manifested a hostile sentiment against the Piedmontese during their retreat, not from sympathy for the Austrians, but out of bitter resentment against the supposed inefficiency of the former in delivering them from their hated yoke. But this was very partially the case; and between the two campaigns, while the army of Radetzky occupied Lombardy without any diversions, the country population of the Northern districts by itself kept up a determined guerilla warfare. We may therefore dismiss this notion of a peasant rising in favor of Austria as a delusion.

There seems to us, indeed, to be but two instruments in the hands of the Austrian government which can be at all serviceable in possibly promoting some degree of peaceful influence. The charitable foundations in Lombardy are both numerous and immensely endowed. The Great Hospital in Milan, founded by Francesco Sforza, is, we believe, the largest individual owner of landed property in

the province. The management of this establishment has been confided to men on whom the Government thinks it can rely, being recruited either from its small band of adherents, or from the ranks of the church; and it is hoped that in their capacity of landlords they may find means of exerting considerable influence on the peasantry. It would be rash to give an opinion how far this influence may extend. We believe the individuals selected to be for the most part devoted to Austrian and Conservative interests, and that it will not be from lukewarmness that they will fail the Government. It may, however, be pointed out as a significant want of consistency between precept and practice, that while Austrian statesmen profess themselves assured that so settled an enmity exists between peasantry and proprietors as to expose these last to be at any moment set upon by the former, they yet should consider it a material accession to their strength to have secured the assistance of a landlord influence certainly not modified in any of those features which are suggested as unavoidable causes for this pretended estrangement. The other instrument of political propagandism set to work by the Austrian Government, is the Concordat, with which it pretends to have successfully bound to its cause the whole body of the clergy. This is almost a measure the import of whose results it is yet too early satisfactorily to ascertain. The Lombardo-Venetian clergy was decidedly national in 1848. The village priests* actively co-operated in the movement; and the highest dignitaries, including the Archbishop of Milan, if they showed no very forward zeal in promoting it, at least accommodated themselves without resistance to its triumph, and graced it with the sanction of their presence. It must, however, be borne in mind that originally that movement was associated with what was believed to be the political inclination of the Pope, and therefore

might have then infected the clergy, from circumstances which now would not be forthcoming. As far as we can venture to trust our observation and the inquiries we have made in divers quarters, we should be inclined to consider the inferior clergy, both parish priests and monks, as still strongly imbued with the national feeling against the Austrians, while its higher grades are as usual exclusively Papal Churchmen, and therefore devoted adherents to the existing Government. We confess not to see clearly why the Concordat must prove a means of securing the grateful loyalty of the inferior clergy. It certainly consecrates the legal possession of privileges which have long been the object of ecclesiastical ambition, but it consecrates this possession to the exclusive advantage of some despotic dignitaries. The rank and file of the clergy are delivered over, bound hand and foot, to the discretionary power of his superiors and bishops. We have doubts whether the exercise of this authority is not producing discontent among those who are subjected to it, for this discipline is in Lombardy something new in spirit and practice. The Milanese clergy are, in fact, animated with notions of peculiar independence of Rome; and the trifling variations in the liturgy which constitute the whole matter of the Ambrosian ritual, have sufficed to make it consider itself a privileged body. It is haughtily proud of its individual exemption from the uniform prostration in every thing to Rome, and most jealously sensitive of the least encroachment on the ancient order of its rights. Here there is consequently an element not to be found in any other Catholic country, and which may considerably counteract the strict Roman sentiment. What might, however, have serious weight in inclining the clergy ultimately to espouse the cause of Austria is the hostility on principle declared against the Piedmontese Government by the Court of Rome in consequence of its ecclesiastical legislation essentially violating the canon law. This is a point that touches the feeling of all churchmen alike, and bespeaks the sympathy of the whole class in behalf of vested interests, cherished with the jealous pride of a badge of distinction. Here, we think, lies what may prove the germ of future danger, unless rendered innocuous by timely precaution; for it were folly to ignore the weight which generally attaches to the opin-

* Consul Campbell to Lord Palmerston.

"Milan, April 5, 1848.

"I shall only add, in conclusion, my lord, that the enthusiasm, obedience, and tranquillity of all classes in Lombardy cannot be surpassed. A religious feeling predominates throughout, particularly among the lower classes, who consider the war against the Austrians as holy, it being sanctioned by their beloved Pius IX.; with most of the free corps there are priests who march at their head, carrying crucifixes, and animating the soldiers by their harangues."—*Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Italy, from January to June, 1848, laid before Parliament.*

ions of the country clergy from their means of influencing their flocks, and especially the great disaster they would have it in their power to bring on the national cause if, irritated by injudicious provocations, they should unfortunately devote themselves to excite popular prejudice against the only State capable of becoming a natural champion for the North of Italy.

Beyond the elements thus indicated we are unable to discover any thing whereupon the Austrian Government can rely for the least moral support; and giving it the full benefit of these, we think they amount to very little in their present condition of development. Its hold on the Italian provinces therefore reduces itself to the painful tenure of perpetual military occupation of a hostile territory. Irrespective of the ruinous drain imposed alike on rulers and subjects by such a chronic state of mutual hostility, the Austrian military position viewed in itself must be allowed to be most formidable. With the citadels of Peschiera, Verona, and Mantua armed with a perfection that has made them be looked upon as models of engineering, and disposed in the position of a triangle, considered by tacticians as the least pregnable piece of ground in Europe—with Piacenza converted, in spite of treaties, into a first-class fortress, securing the free passage across the Po into Parma and Central Italy—with the stronghold of Venice put in effective order, and entrusted to an efficient garrison—and with an army well disciplined, perfectly equipped, animated with a steady soldierlike spirit, and of immense proportions, Austria may duly consider herself a match in the field for any fair military contest, much more so for any irregular revolt. But Austria has not been content with these precautions within the circuit of her proper dominion. Alive to the danger of contagion, she has felt compelled, in self-defence, to occupy strong positions in the territories of her feeble neighbors, from which she has taken it upon herself to bridle the spirit of discontent with that strong hand wanting to her decrepit allies. This she has especially found incumbent on her in the Papal States, where she has strong garrisons in the great towns of Bologna and Ancona, and, in a word, occupies the Romagna and the Legations with a force that makes her the virtual master of that country.

The public feeling towards the Govern-

ment on the part of its subjects throughout the Papal States may be correctly comprised in one word—disaffection. But when we wish to pass on beyond that one general fact, and to define the leading features of this discontent, we fail to find that compactness of views which exist in Lombardy, and have difficulty in separating, out of an entangled mass of complex circumstances, that which is essential from much which is fallacious and passing. From its peculiar and twofold character, the Roman Government, ever since its origin, has been in a false position with regard to its subjects. From this source spring those privileges and institutions that distinguish it from every other Government, and are so intimately identified with its specific nature, as hitherto successfully to defy attacks. The Pope, while in one sense merely the sovereign of an Italian State, is, in another point of view, an object of acknowledged veneration for a large number of Christian governments, who confess themselves bound by sacred considerations to protect his prosperity. Thus it happens that his subjects have been plunged into a gulf of tribulation; for while they themselves are subjects, in the full sense of the word, exposed to all the hardships of taxation and exaction, they find that they have to fight against a misgovernment, which somehow never can be corrected by their best efforts; for no sooner have they mastered it by such means as are left to protesting subjects, than they find it set up afresh by the united exertions of Catholic Christendom. The complicated embarrassments of these conditions, affording no glimpse of probable relief from any perceptible quarter, have naturally thrown the discontented adrift to seek remedies for themselves, and deprived them of a natural nucleus around which instinctively to congregate and train up the powers of disaffection in a settled direction. This is the reason why the Roman States afforded a favorable soil for the propagation of Carbonari and Mazzinian doctrines. Desperate circumstances incline to desperate thoughts; and men who found every avenue to national reform closed up by the impracticable nature of an inveterate system, were ready-made converts to the necessity for its absolute demolition. Republicanism was, therefore, not the expression of any native propensity to this particular form of government from local traditions of municipal inde-

pendence. It was instinctively adopted as the appropriate expression of the subversive aspirations which naturally animated men towards a government that, owing to radical elements of incompatibility, did not, and seemingly could never effect one point of affinity with their desires. The Republicanism of Roman States amounted consequently but to a profession of thorough abjuration, and by no means to a well-considered profession of positive faith. Nothing which occurred in 1848 invalidates this view. The Republic proclaimed in Rome was the result of the accidental necessity to construct a government in the room of one which had taken itself away at a moment when no ready materials were forthcoming for the purpose. The deserted State was left to the occupation of the first who chose to take possession of it; and the universal disaffection of all classes hailed an advent which by its fact signalized, at all events, the manifest downfall of the old government. One inference alone can be legitimately drawn from the Republic with which, in spite of favorable auspices, the reform movement of 1848 struggled, and that is as to the all but insuperable obstacles inherent in the Papacy to prevent its accommodating itself to the ordinary requirements made on every proper government. The differences which led to the catastrophe ending in the Republic were not the ordinary incidents attending all revolts when directed against a sovereign who refuses to yield to force; they sprang from a conflict in the Pope's breast between his political duties as pontiff and as prince—a conflict that prevented the establishment of an effective executive, and that must continue as long as the Pope remains the Pope. The radical defects in the pontifical government rendering it so difficult of improvement, are its exclusion of laymen from office, and its principles of ecclesiastical privilege, as embodied in canon law. Other failings, which enter more or less into the category of mere abuse, might be remedied by the government as it now exists, while these two are identified with the essence of its peculiar character, and therefore constitute its primary elements both for friend and foe. With reference to the first of these it is sufficient to say, that it alone is enough to entail forever the disaffection of its subjects. While the civil administration is confided in all its branches to the direction of individuals,

whose capacities are only rendered eligible by virtue of previous membership in a caste, the essential character of which is to forswear, by a vow of celibacy, the strongest ties of human nature, the whole lay population is at once condemned to idle vacuity, or at best is restricted to the humblest careers. This grievance touches all alike; and the natural consequence, as we have already said, is the universal disaffection of all classes. The Papal Government can command the support of no one portion of society in its dominions, because it cannot bespeak in its behalf the interest of any one. Neither the aristocracy, nor the officials, nor the army, have any feelings of faithfulness to a government which has it not within its power to animate itself with any of them. Hence there prevails throughout the Papal States a tone of laxness in all the relations of government, until authority has sunk into a state of general dilapidation. The second defect we have mentioned is of even still greater consequence. It is not beyond the range of conception how the Pope might conciliate the introduction of the lay element into the administration of his States with a maintenance of his ecclesiastical character; but it is absolutely beyond possibility that any satisfactory system of government can be brought about unless the Papacy should relax in those exclusive pretensions which hitherto have constituted its political code. No human ingenuity will ever be able to blend into harmony two claims so contradictory to each other, as that of human right to vindicate, and that of inscrutable prescription from on high to impose its authority. In 1848 the Pope did, indeed surrender the canon law, but since then this concession has been fully taken back with all the other concessions of that time; and the Court of Rome has of late steadfastly concentrated its energies on reviving everywhere its traditional authority in pristine vigor, especially since the achievement of the Austrian Concordat encourages it by a piece of brilliant success. Under these circumstances the prospects of amelioration afford little that cheers hope, and there cannot be a doubt that whatever diverging opinions may exist in the country as to how it would be most desirable to reconstitute the Roman States, the impression that reform emanating from the Government is hopeless, has since the restoration grown to an intensity infecting even those men whose

moderate opinions were evidenced by their opposition to the Republican Government, and who limit their desires to proportions quite compatible with Papal dignity.

While discontent has thus grown in these circles, it has been met by a conciliatory approach on the part of those given formerly to extreme views. When Mazzini was compelled to leave Rome, he left behind him a strongly organized society, both in the city itself and throughout the Papal States. The remote and sombre towns of the Romagna, sullenly brooding over reminiscences of olden independence, and shrouded from the inspection of spying informers in their secluded position along the Adriatic coast, had been the favorite lurking-places for Carbonari conspiracy from its very beginning. In the recesses of this hidden district the lamp of liberal aspirations had been clandestinely kept alive by a knot of devotees, whose lives had been one perpetual plot, and who were only encouraged by the assurances of their own fervent imaginations and the reflection of their own mystic rites of association. Here had been the hearth on which, in undisturbed ecstasy, the kindled glow of Italian feeling was blown into the fanciful coruscation of an United Republic, with Rome for its seat of government. Nor had the rapid events of 1848 and 1849, in spite of their disappointments, been calculated to dispel at once the illusions of these heated visions. The nature of the difficulties encountered by the constitutionalists in their dealings with the sovereign, and the impression attending the extinction of the republic by foreign intervention had singularly confirmed public opinion in the justness of Mazzini's belief that compromise was an absolute impossibility, and extreme measures the only wisdom. Mazzini, therefore, left the Roman soil with the estimation of a victim to the iniquitous adversity that lay on Italy, and cherished by a confiding and admiring public as its all but worshipped leader. In spite of this original popularity, Mazzini's influence is now completely on the wane. From being the dominant party amongst the Liberals of the country, which they certainly were in the period immediately succeeding the return of the Pope from Gaeta, his followers have dwindled into scattered knots of partisans, the representatives of a lingering local sentiment, and expressive rather of doubt as to the possibility of procuring reform by moderate

conduct than of a rooted republican conviction. Towns which but a short while ago were reckoned strongholds of Mazzinianism, are now either entirely in the hands of the moderate party, or at least strongly contested by them. This decay is especially remarkable in the Romagna and Marches, where the Mazzinians still, however, retain their greatest degree of strength. The landed proprietors in these districts are a class very different from those in the western provinces of the Roman States. They are highly cultivated and enlightened, and their intimate intercourse with their dependents has invested them with the influence that attaches to our country gentlemen. These men, deeply discontented at being subjects of the Pope, and in former times determined Carbonaries, have now generally forsaken Mazzinianism. Bologna, a city entitled to the rank of a capital, the residence of important families, who always live away from Rome, and thus a centre of intercourse that reflects its influence on the whole Romagna, is distinguished by a strong but temperate Liberal feeling. Even Ravenna, the very citadel and sanctuary of Carbonarism, which, when hunted down everywhere else, always found shelter behind its ancient walls, and a lair for machinations in the solitude of its trackless forests, is now renouncing devotion to the cause. Of the towns where Mazzinianism is still in sufficient force to be capable of undertaking something, Ancona is the most important; but its strength here is of a kind not worthy of confidence. Secret organization enables the sect to dispose of the turbulent assistance of a low mob that congregates about the harbor, and is ready to commit assassination and to indulge in riots as often as paid or instigated.

The party which is gradually displacing the old Mazzinian one calls itself the Piedmontese party, by which it means to express its desire to direct its efforts towards siding, as far as in it lies, the success of the present Piedmontese policy, both as regards constitutional administration and the expulsion of the Austrians. The notion of merging into one State, to be governed by the King of Piedmont, cannot be said to enter into the positive articles of the party's creed, because such an eventuality is hardly entertained as possible for the present, and the party deems it right to restrict its energies towards attaining what is immediately feasible, rather than to waste

itself in transcendental considerations. To this opinion it is urged by far higher reasons than of mere personal convenience. The great patriotic purpose of Italy's liberation from the foreigner, and ultimate union, induces public opinion to the conviction that to precipitate internal reform by revolutionary measures, before the successful termination of the war of independence, would probably weaken the national forces at the decisive moment in a degree destructive of victory, and perhaps lead to disastrous complications, attended by overwhelming foreign interventions. The lively sense of this danger is the chief motive why men who are perfectly aware of the serious obstacles opposed by the nature of the Papacy to proper reform, yet conceive it desirable to depart for the present as little as possible in their demands from what might fairly be conceded by the powers in possession. It is believed that a compact Italian State, once established at the north of Italy, would more easily extend its preponderating influence over sovereigns fearful of losing the wrecks of cherished authority by self-willed obstinacy, than over the less tractable pretensions of governments impelled to assert the vigor of their recent titles. In the Roman States the efforts of the Piedmontese party would be therefore probably directed to bring about an administrative separation between the Romagna and those eastern provinces of the Pope's dominions which have always been in immediate dependence on Rome. This project has the double advantage of at once tolerably responding to the indications of nature, and of being sanctioned by diplomatic authority. At the Congress of Vienna it was proposed to Prince Metternich in a draft, the composition of Count Aldini, an eminent statesman, by birth a Bolognese, and intimately acquainted with the country. Again, this plan was entertained at the last Congress of Paris: Count Cavour recommended it with the weight of his great authority; and after ample consultation in the best quarters, Lord Clarendon saw reason to volunteer his official assent to its fitness, in a deliberate and detailed opinion embodied in the protocols of the Congress. According to this proposed plan, the Romagna and the Marches should enjoy a lay administration, and a national force and budget of their own, under the governorship of a papal viceroy, so that while the sovereign rights of the Pope are not in-

fringed, the present objectionable form of ecclesiastical government would yet be put an end to. The great advantages offered by this arrangement have been duly appreciated. The hateful and depressing influence of priestly rule would be at once shorn of half its power, while the most spirited population of Central Italy would be endowed with the means of organizing its force against the time when the termination of present diplomatic engagements might render Rome itself open to reform by the removal of its foreign garrison.

We are of opinion therefore that, in the event of a serious movement breaking out in the present state of the Peninsula, the Liberals in the Roman States will be found to act with caution and discipline. They will not venture on attempts to overthrow the Pope in Rome, which must prove abortive, unless they have to deal with him by himself, when it may safely be affirmed that he would not be four-and-twenty hours in his capital; but they will combine their exertions towards the emancipation of the Romagna, where their efforts will be directed against Austrian troops, and may expect to receive that countenance from France which she is too committed to be able to give to a revolt that must aim a death-blow at the Papacy itself. We pointed out how the influence of the parish clergy was of importance in Lombardy, and it might therefore appear inconsistent if we omitted to take it into account in the States of the Church. We believe that nowhere in Italy is the direct political influence of the clergy smaller. Their excessive number, and their identification with the Government, have shorn them of their spiritual hold, and presented them to the eyes of the people in the repulsive character of a detested corporation. It is by no means our meaning that the mass of the people is animated with a spirit of doctrinal reform; but we believe it to be generally animated with a strong aversion to the priest, in his absolute, and, through perpetual interference, highly offensive, authority. The private conduct of a large proportion of the lower clergy is moreover of a kind which makes them hateful, from their freely converting their privileges into means for moral outrages, and thus in the Pope's States there has been produced a feeling towards the priesthood akin to that which the French proverb says every valet is sure to entertain for his master. The feeble political hold possessed by the

Roman clergy on the population is proved by one great fact—not one town rose in defence of the Pope against the Republic, although the latter had itself no great attraction.

Enclosed between the Roman States, Lombardy, Piedmont, and the Mediterranean, lie the three Duchies of Parma, Modena, and Tuscany. The two first are virtually, in their present shape, creations of Austrian statesmanship, which has endowed them with the vain ceremonial of independence. To all intents and purposes they are Austrian provinces, erected into principalities as provisions for junior branches of, or dependents upon, the Imperial family, to which they are to revert in the event of their present occupiers having no issue. Quite recently the Government of Parma has indeed assumed an attitude indicative of a desire to free itself from Austrian control, but this is merely the result of personal feelings, and confined to petty manifestations of jealous susceptibility. Neither of these States respond to any popular sentiment, be it in the conformation of territory or in the mode of government. On the contrary, they have been exposed to all the harassing oppression of petty tyranny, combined with the bitterness of foreign subjection; and the rule of the late Duke of Modena affords an example of deliberate treachery in instigating conspiracy merely for the purpose of convicting of disloyalty, which is worthy of the darkest times of mediæval godlessness. As might be expected, these Duchies have been hotbeds of discontent, and in the period preceding 1848 the spirit of Carbonarism was strong. When the movement broke out in that year, the population was one of the first to join it, and both Dukes were expelled. The Carbonari and Mazzinian party being then unimpaired in the credit it had acquired during the season of preparatory conspiracy, there was considerable dissension as to how these Duchies were to constitute themselves. In spite, however, of circumstances so favorable to Republican influence, the population of Piacenza, on which Piedmont has a right of reversion by the Treaty of Vienna, voted all but unanimously for immediate annexation to that kingdom; while in Parma and Modena the same measure was advocated with such favor, that there is no doubt but it would have been decreed had not the reverses of the Piedmontese army prematurely subjected these Duchies to Austrian occupation. The feeling thus indicated has

since then increased. A Republican party still exists, and its activity is fostered by the galling occurrences of daily misgovernment, which readily inclines to desperate suggestions and criminal enterprises; but the general feeling throughout the Duchies would at once proclaim adhesion to Piedmont in the event of its marching against Austria, and there is no force either in the small knot of court nobles, or in the partisans of Mazzinianism, sufficient in itself to prevent these territories from handing themselves over to the King of Sardinia.

Tuscany, although ruled by a prince who is an archduke, is in a very different condition. Here we have a State whose existence is confirmed by its territorial compactness and old traditions inspiring attachment, so that after Piedmont this is the State in all Italy which has the least reason to fear a revolution. Between the Government and people there exists an undeniable identity in spirit. The Tuscan population, possessed of quick perception, is wanting in stern stuff. The love of ease, with its kindred feelings, is at the bottom of Tuscan nature. Its genius is prolific in happy observation, but shuns the self-denying discipline that alone can work out a reliable revolution, while its sensuous constitution, flying from the touch of pain, is unable to harden into stoical endurance or to muster the strength which, with a desperate effort, would overthrow an oppressive tyrant. In the main the existing government responds to the requirements of a people so disposed. It is indeed without elevation of character, and often even positively mean when having to deal with what it supposes to be danger; but so far is it from vexatious and tyrannical in its ordinary proceedings, as to be generally looked upon with the tolerance due to a harmless although blundering authority, affording in its absurdities ample scope for ridicule, but yet tacitly conceding in practice much which it cannot bring itself to sanction on principle. The Tuscan Government is essentially a government of confirmed indulgence. It is in the habit of shutting its eyes to the liberties taken by its subjects, and that is sufficient for a people who feel a strong impulse to extort charters and rights. The liberty of the press in the main exists, and has existed virtually in Tuscany for a long period. The Leopoldine laws have been preserved, without any apparent reason where-

fore, to the comfort of the community. Thus there is here a state of things eminently calculated to content an easy people, and to deprive it of motives for political resentment. The educated classes in Tuscany partake of the Italian feeling, but with the full ecstasy of theorists. They think constitutional government would make the administration more efficient, and applaud the policy of Piedmont, but it is with the listlessness of a feminine complexion, and above all, as compared with the inhabitants of the Duchies and Roman States, without any of the impatience which is the sign of strong personal interest. We believe that the Tuscans would again manifest their Italian sympathies as they did in 1848, and would send a detachment to Lombardy which would again behave with the same personal courage as the former one did at Cartatone. The Government would yield again at the first noisy summons on the part of the people, for the best of reasons, that it has no notion how to offer resistance. But if the Italian movement should encounter a reverse in other points, it must not expect to be sustained in Tuscany; for that country can follow in a wake, but never will possess sufficient resolution to dare and confront opposition.

We believe also that the idea of a union with Piedmont is not at present seriously entertained by any influential party, nor is it coveted by Piedmont, which is far from being animated by a grasping appetite of conquest towards other Italian sovereigns. The sympathies for Piedmont in Tuscany extend we think to as zealous an appreciation of its services in behalf of Italy as is to be expected from a voluptuous people, in the enjoyment of comfort and ease, but does not amount to the conception of abolishing a form of government whose extinction would deprive Florence of its ancient position. At the same time there seems to us nothing in Tuscany of which we can reckon as an element sure to arrest the further contagion of a larger national feeling, the sentiment we have pointed out being rather the lurking result of old associations than of strong conviction. In Florence itself, which is the centre of literary activity in Italy, the young men of letters are naturally imbued with the prevailing national ideas, and do their best to propagate them. Mazzinianism is of too desperate a nature to ensure many partisans in Tuscany; the only place where it is of importance being Leg-

horn, a town of exactly analogous conditions with that of Ancona. There it has repeatedly contrived riots, and may not impossibly contrive them again, but granted even that the Mazzinian faction should be enabled to make itself master of the city, it would be merely in possession of a walled town, utterly unable to compete with Florence or Pisa or Siena in influence on the country. With reference, therefore, to Tuscany's position in the event of an immediate struggle in Italy, we are inclined to think that it will be by itself no obstacle in the way of triumph on either side. The people are open to Italian feelings, the government ready to yield to the first semblance of coercion, so that between the two, Tuscany will be no dead-weight likely to resist any efficient Italian lever. There seems to us, however, no reason to expect that the autonomy of Tuscany will be swamped unless the government should be suddenly affected with a spirit of obstinacy new to its nature, and capable of setting popular opinions in a new direction. On the contrary we believe the Tuscan Government to be in the rare position of being able to derive in a future order of things the benefit of that tacit good understanding into which it has settled with the mass of its subjects, and that it entirely depends upon itself whether or not it shall eventually annex various adjoining provinces especially in the Roman States.

The dead-weight of Italy is the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, in extent and population the largest of the Italian States, and from its position able to influence the force of all Central Italy. Neither the Pope nor the Grand Duke of Tuscany could for a moment resist a national movement in their States were Naples once to co-operate with Piedmont. But of this there is little if any prospect, as long as King Ferdinand retains his free authority. The state of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies offers to our view nothing but the gloom of relentless oppression and compulsory bondage. With an army of one hundred thousand men in time of peace, the power of the sovereign has succeeded in establishing itself as the only one in the country, under circumstances of the most appalling tyranny. To enter into the details of this situation is beyond our limits; all that we can here touch upon are its probable bearings on an immediate future. First, it must be borne in mind that there is a vast distinction to be made be-

tween Naples and Sicily. With respect to the first, it is singular that what ought to afford the best pledge for efficient self-government has proved the means for facilitating royal usurpation. The Neapolitan provinces offer elements for that wholesome local administration which in a free State ought to check the over-growth of a central executive, in a body of permanently resident landholders intimately connected with their native districts. But the complete want of intercourse in a common centre of active political life has caused the Neapolitan provinces to continue each for itself in a state of isolation. Personal influences therefore have not been able to acquire more than a provincial importance, which has been the cause why revolts have been easily extinguished in their first stage. Political feeling lacks the organization required for the simultaneous vigor that alone can overthrow an executive in command of a monstrous force. A vast deal of intelligence, energy, and sound education exists amongst the men in the middle classes of Neapolitan society, but they are as it were condemned to conditions of singleness by the force of circumstances, and cannot put in motion adequate masses. The kingdom of Naples is a soil where at least the discipline of Carbonarism might do good, although the doctrines of Republicanism are altogether foreign to the habits of the people. The Liberal party confine their wishes to the re-establishment of the Constitution, already decreed by law and never revoked; and in order not to complicate matters, they do not aim at necessarily deposing the reigning dynasty. All they desire is, the introduction of a form of government which, conscientiously observed, would be able to set restraint on the bad passions of the sovereign, which are the cause of all their present sufferings; and this would be the scope of their efforts, should they see themselves in a position to attempt a movement. But accidental circumstances threaten to embarrass their position beyond retrieval. To a population groaning under the daily affliction of cruel tyranny, and panting to relieve itself if it only knew how, the offer of distinct assistance in this object cannot fail to have irresistible attraction. This offer now presents itself to the Neapolitans in the person of a French prince claiming the throne by virtue of his father's memory—a memory that has left strong recollections behind it in the affec-

tions of the people. Much as the leaders of the Liberal party look with alarm to the consequences of a revolution involving a change of dynasty, coupled with the introduction of a new foreign element into the government of Italy, they feel that their arguments will in the critical moment have small chance in dissuading people who would be asked to forego pretty certain relief from intolerable suffering, out of regard for possible contingencies.

But if Prince Murat has the prospect of being hailed by the people of Naples, this is not the case in Sicily. Here there is a population far removed in temper and condition from that of the continental provinces. What the Austrian is to the Lombard, King Ferdinand is to the Sicilians; and this feeling is shared in by all ranks of society with an equal intensity, undisturbed by local differences or feelings of class. One national sentiment pervades and binds together, in a common interest, the aristocracy, the burgesses, and the peasantry, to vindicate the ancient rights of Sicily, respected even by the Spaniard, from the wanton and brutal violation which they have undergone from the King of Naples. The Sicilians are perfectly ready to remain subjects of the present dynasty, possessed of the double royalty of Sicily and Naples, under condition of enjoying their cherished constitution, but they scorn to be considered an integral portion of a kingdom called that of the Two Sicilies. If Murat came to be elevated to the throne of Naples, the Sicilians would refuse to consider him as their consequent sovereign, and would probably, if left to their own inclinations, proceed to elect one of their own—in all likelihood a Piedmontese prince, as happened in 1848. This, of course, would complicate matters painfully in the south of Italy, and therefore the leaders of the Liberal party, both in Naples and Sicily, anxiously desire to bring about the re-establishment of the constitution, now a dead letter in the statute-books of both countries, with the son of the present King upon the throne, as offering the only solution likely to answer the requirements of the people, and to avert a perplexing incident that might prove full of danger to Italy. A party hardly exists in this part of Italy which would deserve the name of Piedmontese, as indicative of its tending directly to assimilate itself with that country, or of its reclining for inspiration on Turin. The mere position of the kingdom of

the Two Sicilies precludes the idea that Piedmont could for the present actively extend its influence of attraction so far. This does not, however, exclude the Neapolitan and Sicilian Liberals from that affinity which pervades all Italians, and a national movement begun at Turin will immediately find hearty response in them, as in their own private efforts they would strive to co-operate towards the great purpose of common independence.

As the crowning member, that by its finishing touch gives expression and character to this assemblage of elements, we have reserved to the last that singular country, ten years ago one of the least reputed in Europe, not even in population and territory chief amongst the States of Italy, and which has now acquired an undisputed moral preponderance in public opinion over them all, has converted what then was a disregarded nook into the heart of the Peninsula's life, has played an effective part in the greatest military events of our times, and been admitted on terms of equality into Congress with the first-rate powers of Europe. It is impossible but that in the train of our surprise at such astounding achievement, there should intrude itself the anxious thought how far the brilliant progress may be sound—how far it may be expected to continue—how far there may be elements forthcoming in it capable of bringing to a satisfactory issue that struggle for national existence which has been powerfully incited by its encouragement. To discuss this question thoroughly would require a detailed review of Piedmontese history during the last ten years: such would be beyond the limits of this article. We must content ourselves with indicating what in our opinion is the nature of the force, moral and physical, which Piedmont is at this present conjuncture able to bring to bear upon Italy. When in 1848 Piedmont embarked upon a national policy, she found herself thereby impelled towards two purposes—the assumption of the championship of Italy, and the renunciation of past traditions of government. The former (her right to which was at the time disputed by many, and suspicious to still more) was for awhile put out of question by the humiliation incurred at Novara. But the other purpose was one, the success of which could be disturbed by nothing except the irresolution of bad faith on her own part. Its triumph would therefore be the record of sincere per-

severance and reliable truthfulness, and it is this which has been achieved by Piedmont, who now reaps the reward of her consistent honesty in the influence voluntarily attached to that quality. No dispassionate person conversant with Italy can entertain a doubt that, whatever local sentiments may be still rooted here and there, whatever party prejudices may still warp individual intellect, the sympathy and admiration for Piedmont is a sentiment which has become dominant with Italians, and meets with none other capable of competing with it. It is impossible not to be struck with profound astonishment at the wonderful constellation of circumstances which combined to favor the progress of Piedmont, both in internal reform and in her position abroad. First, a genuine feeling of loyalty, exceptional among Continental nations, firmly attached a large majority of the population to the House of Savoy. This feeling engendered confidence in the people towards their sovereign, and was the wholesome means of steadying their temper during a period of intense political excitement by a moderation that remained proof in all essential matters to exaggeration and fatal suspicion. The conduct of the nation, as a whole, was marked by a dignity and just appreciation of the boon acquired in the shape of freedom and a patriotic feeling, which are pledges for the firm and ineradicable growth of liberty in the soil of Piedmont. But this freedom was as yet a mere bud, barely set, when on the field of Novara the young hopes of a high-spirited ambition were evidently crushed by a blow which dealt destruction to every infant liberty it could reach. From this danger the liberty of Piedmont, alone in Europe, was rescued by rare abnegation on the part of that individual who would certainly have profited in personal power by its destruction. There is no doubt that, after the battle of Novara, the constitution of Piedmont lay as much at the mercy of Vittorio Emanuele, as those of Naples and Rome lay at that of their sovereigns on their defeat of armed revolt. And this prince, child of a tyrannical father, offspring of a gallant, but proud and ambitious house, brought up in the atmosphere of priests and men given to reactionary opinions, in no position to have acquired at his early age personal experience capable of correcting deficient instruction—this prince, then devoid of every artificial assistance, and suddenly called

upon to assume a position that exacts resignation, forbearance, and sacrifice, in a degree often ruffling the temper of those best inured to its duties, has fulfilled his part with a conscientiousness and a completeness which leave nothing to be desired. History is replete with examples of sovereigns who, to their own destruction and their people's woes, in spite of ample lessons, could yet not accommodate themselves to their duties, but in the whole range of history there occurs no second Vittorio Emanuele, the heir to an ancient and absolute authority, who of his own will forbears to assume it when within his reach, not from dictates of morbid asceticism, but because he rests his pride in the inviolable pledge which he feels it to be within his power alone to secure for his subjects rights, and centres his delight in the sovereign support which he is aware that he alone is in a position to extend to the infant struggles of civil liberty.

The motive which has induced this unreserved adoption of constitutional principles in the king is his intense national feeling. The whole political ambition of Vittorio Emanuele is absorbed in the one desire to avenge the defeat of Novara—to live long enough to be enabled in person to bring to his father's tomb what may be an appropriate offering to his bleeding memory. Under the impulse of this ruling thought, his blunt and unsophisticated sense at once was led by good faith to feel the inseparable connection in practice between national feeling and political aspirations; and from that moment he accepted liberty with a single-heartedness which is beyond the aspersions of doubt. The reward of this conduct is to be found in the king's solid popularity, which has been the happy means of confining the storms of party dissensions in Piedmont within a sphere recognizing one common superior influence, while throughout Italy it has acquired for him general confidence and esteem. But while with marvellous conscientiousness the king thus strictly confined himself to his constitutional prerogative, Piedmont, as by a miracle saw herself endowed with the very man calculated to perfection for a minister under the peculiar circumstances of the time. Possessed of that rare and highest constitution of mind which allies a courage at need rising into audacity, with an intimate appreciation of prudence and circumspection, Count Cavour is, in our con-

viction, undoubtedly the greatest statesman of our age, and on a level with the greatest on record. The representative of one of the oldest and haughtiest families of Piedmont, counting among its ancestors St. Francis de Sailes, his father was so identified with every thing most objectionable and most arbitrary in the order of government before 1848, that the whole unpopularity of its system seemed to find its concentrated expression in the animosity prevalent against his person.

Early the young Cavour had, however, shown signs of independent convictions, in consequence of which he had for a period seen fit to withdraw himself from the territory of Piedmont. During this time he travelled much in France and England, observed institutions and political life, and contributed valuable articles, especially on matters of political economy, to a "Review" which then appeared in Geneva. But these efforts were not sufficient to remove the stigma attached to his name. When the movement of 1848 set in, Cavour immediately engaged in it, and founding a daily paper, the *Risorgimento*, he essayed by able articles at once to warn his countrymen from error, and to encourage them to wholesome efforts. But the universal obloquy attaching to his father caused the son to be received with as universal aversion. The *Risorgimento* was denounced in the clubs as the insidious composition of a traitor who, with his father's relentless hardness, combined the subtle poison of sophistical falseness. Such were the adverse auspices of Cavour's political birth, and these he successfully overcame by the unflinching perseverance of his spirit. The ignorant misapprehension of the public was gradually corrected by the experience of the Senate, and during the perilous times of 1848 and 1849 Count Cavour found occasion, in debates momentous to his country's safety, to unfold the admirable temper of his talents, and step by step to acquire the esteem of his fellow-citizens. And now his personal influence is of an intensity rivalling the sort of influence once exerted by Mazzini. All the legislation which has distinguished Piedmont in the last ten years—all the policy it has pursued—all the public works of stupendous magnitude it has raised—in short, every thing connected with the present state of that country,—presents itself to the mind as the deed of Cavour's inspiration. The result is, that the man once

so decried and aspersed, is now honored with a perfect devotion. Vittorio Emanuele commands the sincere respect of Italy; but Cavour commands its unhesitating faith. His name, grown to be a household word in every hamlet, except in some of the remoter provinces of Naples, has become an organization for the Liberal party in place of the old Carbonari bond, and Cavour has now been elevated to that pedestal on which, amidst the incense of mystic aspirations, Mazzini was once worshipped as a prophet. Let it not be supposed that we write one word without due consideration when we affirm that, at the present conjuncture, the word whispered by Cavour in his cabinet at Turin would be enough to make the moderate Liberal party throughout Italy rise at once without a moment's hesitation as to the consequences; such is the unbounded confidence reposed in the sovereign worth of his wisdom.

By Cavour's side there stands a man who in his military capacity has acquired the entire confidence of the army—General de la Marmora; and this fact is sufficient to prove how right Count Cavour was when, although deserted by the whole of his cabinet, he recommended the king to engage in the Crimean war as the means of recovering for the army confidence in itself. The conduct of the Piedmontese troops there is known to all, and they have thence brought back a spirit which pants to be let loose on the Austrians under the leadership of their cherished general, who has completely re-organized the whole army from what it was in Charles Albert's time. We believe there is no more efficient military force of its proportions in Europe. Under the auspices of these three men, Piedmont has been steered in her course since 1848, and directed to her present position. That position has in one particular undergone an especial modification, which cannot be too much impressed on those not personally conversant with Italy. Piedmont has opened itself as a reservoir for all Italian blood, which, introduced into its veins, has in return transmuted it into the actual and physical representative of the race. In the Piedmontese Parliament, in the cabinet, in all branches of the administration, in every arm of the public force, there are individuals who by birth are natives of other States, but nevertheless, in virtue of their Italian origin, are admitted to the full benefits of its political

freedom. This great fact has of course vastly modified the feeling of strangeness with which the Italians generally once regarded the Piedmontese, as hardly a legitimate family of their race, and from the prevalence of their conversion has been derived the chief encouragement for Piedmont confidently to pursue the policy she has adopted. That policy points to driving the Austrians out of the north of Italy—and expects to acquire possession certainly of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces—most probably also of the Duchies of Modena and Parma. We have already expressed our opinion how far we think these expectations may reckon on success, if that is to depend on the inclinations of the inhabitants of those districts. It remains, however, to consider whether Piedmont may not be affected by embarrassments of her own likely to exert a disturbing influence upon the steadiness of her action, by either seriously impeding, or unduly precipitating it.

A state identified with historical traditions descending through many centuries, and with a dynasty boasting of one of the most ancient pedigrees in Europe, could not fail to have produced a society strongly imbued with aristocratic elements. The revolution of 1848, therefore, broke down in Piedmont an order of things in which office, power, and authority had been the property of an aristocracy in the true sense of the term. But although this aristocracy could not be friendly to a constitution of so liberal a cast as not to recognize an hereditary element in the representation, the majority was sufficiently patriotic to enter into Charles Albert's national policy, and to forget at the time their private grievances in behalf of their country. When, however, the battle of Novara put an end to the excitement of this great motive, and the aristocracy found itself called upon to settle down into a position deprived of all special privilege, its hostility was kindled against the new order of the State, and it would have gladly supported the king in destroying the constitution. Vittorio Emanuele declared then, that if a majority of his subjects should demand the revocation of the Charter, he would be ready to abdicate, but that his hand should never be a party to the deed. Since that time eleven years of continued and regular government have been productive of their effects. What then seemed easy now begins to appear impossible, and the Piedmontese aristocracy, which although

proud is not wanting in patriotism, has as a body rallied to the constitution. It is now no longer reactionary—it is merely conservative. At the last general election it actively exerted itself to enter the Chambers, which before it it had affected to consider as derogatory, and the members of its party have arrayed themselves under the leadership of Count Revel, a man of honorable uprightness, whose sincere adoption of constitutional government is not doubted even by his opponents, but who is averse to further advances in a liberal or democratic sense. This party's most distinguishing feature is, however, its professed Piedmontism and deprecation of the Italian policy. It would be content to see the country continue in its present limits, considers views of aggrandizement the foolish dictates of a vain and ill-digested ambition, denounces on every occasion the public expenditure as wanton and ruinous, and indefatigably censures with bitter animadversions the conduct of Cavour.

In the event of a critical emergency a large number would, however, forswear faction, and from deep-rooted loyalty respond to an appeal from the king. In close alliance with it in opposition is the clerical party, whose essential characteristic is sufficiently explained by its name. This party identifies itself with the Jesuits and Ultramontanism. Could it ever get power into its hands it would certainly extinguish the Constitution, and its chief political scope is opposition to what it terms the impiety of Cavour's ecclesiastical legislation. This legislation has not been really offensive to any essential rights of the church; it has only broken down the exclusive privileges attached to its tribunals, and suppressing certain religious orders has diverted their property towards the endowment of the inferior clergy. The negotiations, however, between Piedmont and the Court of Rome consequent upon these measures were attended with discussions of so unpleasant a tone as to have been productive of a profound misunderstanding, the continuation of which Count Cavour justly considers an unfortunate circumstance. It has been the cause of kindling, in what otherwise was a country free from dangerous passions, a spirit of dissension peculiarly difficult to subdue, because easily made to run in a channel of superstition. Deeply impressed with the necessity under which Piedmont lies to husband and gather all the forces at her

command, if she is to carry out her adopted policy, Count Cavour has tried to conciliate this element of intestine discontent by abstaining from further legislation in the same direction. Hitherto his efforts have not been crowned with success. The majority of the clergy are very hostile to him, and at elections exert their influence, when they cannot carry candidates of their own, in favor, even of a Mazzinian rather than of a Government supporter. This frantic disposition has been much whetted by injudicious and offensive attacks on the part of the more advanced liberal press, for which Cavour is not responsible. These two factions of the Conservative party together do not muster above forty votes in the Chamber of Deputies consisting of two hundred and six members.

On the whole, we would consider the clerical opposition well deserving a statesman's attention, as an annoying embarrassment to a government which it is very desirable to remove, because quite strong enough materially to assist in setting up impediments while yet unable ever to acquire, in its own declared person, the upperhand. The next serious difficulties experienced by the Piedmontese Government are found in certain local sentiments. The Savoyards are poor, French in language, and subject to priestly influence, whence it comes that they protest against the increased taxation of late years, have a natural aversion against the Italian policy, which is the cause for it, and are bigoted Ultramontanians. They would be glad to be annexed to France. At the other extremity of the kingdom there is the proud city of Genoa, which, with its aristocracy, its merchants, and its mob, has, ever since 1815, continued to chafe in sulky peevishness at the ignominy imposed by the Congress of Vienna on its historical dignity, in subjecting it to the upstart authority of Turin. This feeling has not as yet subsided. The nobles, almost to a man, stand aloof from public life, satisfied with the barren glory of an illustrious name and the selfish enjoyment of wealth; while the townspeople are animated with so perverse a disposition that their deputies have not blushed to arraign the Government of improvidence in undertaking those great public works which have mainly contributed to the astounding commercial activity and prosperity of Genoa. Opposition, for its own sake, has hitherto been the sole political principle of Genoa, which

has proved the cherished nursery for the two distinct parties hostile to the Government. Its deputies are all clerical or Mazzinian. Quite recently the latter have shown symptoms of a better feeling, and a number of them have signified to their leader that in the event of a war of independence they would support the efforts of Government. A good administration carries its own recommendation; and in the absence of all real grievance, we have no doubt but that the next generation of Genoese will have laid aside the present unreasonable disposition. The attitude hitherto maintained is, however, highly instructive, as affording the means of duly testing, in its most perfect example, the effective force residing in that municipal spirit which so many persons affirm will alone, in Lombardy, prevent the establishment of a supreme government. We find that where it was strongest, it could do no more than annoy—it was never able seriously to impede authority; and that Piedmont, in her former state, when deprived of all which might recommend her to the wounded feelings of the Genoese, was always in a position effectively to control their discontent.

Far more serious than all these elements of opposition are some difficulties entailed upon the Piedmontese Government by the fact of her policy, and not to be got rid of in any manner. These difficulties are comprised in the excessive expenditure rendered inevitable by an expectant attitude that must necessarily be always fully prepared to take advantage of an opportune moment, and by the obligations incurred towards those who have confided their interests to her care. These together set a limit beyond which expectation must be converted into action. Since the year 1847 the interest of the public debt has been increased sevenfold, and yet all this expenditure has been a matter of necessity. Piedmont's exceptional position rendered it obligatory on her to carry on at the same time immense public works, and keep up armaments beyond her national wants. Her army, on its peace establishment, is now more than double what it was before 1848. It is self-evident that such outlay can only be justified by the certainty of being hereafter made good by a proportionate compensation, and that the very existence of Piedmont therefore depends on the event of this contingency; but this engagement can only be fulfilled by suc-

cessful wars with Austria, for defeated Piedmont could only encounter the ruin with which she is already threatened, if with her present encumbrances she is left for good to her present resources. While paramount dictates of self-preservation thus impel Piedmont to a speedy collision with Austria, she is likewise held to the same by the claims of those whom she has reclaimed from wild revolutionary purposes by offering them her banner to rally round. Count Cavour's policy in Italy has been to render harmless the subversive agitations of Mazzini through practical evidence of its futility, as compared with the positive nucleus afforded for national effort by Piedmont. The confidence excited in his personal ability has won for him great success, but should once the suspicion arise that Piedmont is either unable or unwilling to proceed any further, the feeling in the country would again be turned adrift, and infallibly tend afresh towards extreme opinions productive of danger to Europe, and especially to Piedmont. Hence, Count Cavour on the one hand has exerted himself sedulously to restrain popular impatience by preaching the necessity for awaiting a favorable opportunity before venturing on serious action; and, on the other hand, aware of the impossibility of preventing explosion beyond a certain time in the inflammable materials heaped up around him, he has indefatigably sought to weave alliances that might give Italy the physical strength equal to a victorious struggle with the great military power of Austria. For with the Piedmontese army not one hundred thousand strong—the Lombardo-Venetian provinces disarmed and held in check by an immense force, entrenched in most formidable fortresses—with the keys of Central Italy in the enemy's hands, and the national efforts of the populations in the Roman and Neapolitan States unavoidably distracted from efficiently assisting in the war of independence by the necessity of first freeing themselves from the fetters of their own governments, it is clear that in all human reckoning the chances are against Italy in a single combat with Austria; while yet intolerable misgovernment, coinciding with ardent aspirations, has stung the people throughout the Peninsula into a frame of mind which is bent on risking the most desperate ventures before abandoning all idea of relief.

Such is the situation with which Count

Cavour has had to deal, and which ominous signs seem to indicate as nearing a crisis. The march of the whole Piedmontese army to the frontier, the words spoken on divers public occasions, the openly defiant tone assumed by the Piedmontese Government towards Austria, instead of the reserved and merely unaccommodating one hitherto adopted, and finally the marriage of Prince Napoleon, are events all directly calculated to excite expectation in a degree which it would be culpable gratuitously to disappoint; while the last seems a pledge of that political alliance being consummated which Count Cavour is known to have been seeking to acquire for his country. Is this French alliance, with its prospect of French military intervention in Italy, an act for which Count Cavour deserves condemnation?—is it an act of reckless treason against the natural interests of Europe which, in behalf of higher duties, must render it incumbent on an English Government to throw its weight into the scale of Austria, as the first victim in a threatened course of unprincipled ambition? The French alliance with Sardinia, if extending to active co-operation against Austria, is not indeed without its inherent embarrassments. We do not believe that the French Government means to engage in war for the liberation of Italy without procuring certain accessions of territory likely to flatter the vanity and ensure the approval of the French nation. Such a territory is Savoy, long an object of ambition to France, and of no real importance to Piedmont should she obtain an equivalent in Italy. Savoy is not even of value in a military point of view; for, exposed towards France, it is separated by the chain of the Alps from the rest of the kingdom. However, the Royal Family naturally feel deep reluctance in parting with the original possession of the house, its cradle and its nursery, we yet believe that the cession of Savoy to France is a thing to be confidently expected, in the event of the latter securing to Piedmont the acquisition of Lombardy.

Should it enter into the French Emperor's views to provide a principality for his cousin, a really successful campaign could also easily afford the means of contriving one without injury to any interests bespeaking the especial consideration of either party; nor would the French have to encounter, as some suppose, ill-will from the Romans. During their occu-

pation of the Pope's States the French soldiers have not made themselves personally obnoxious; and the general disfavor of Mazzini has made people lenient to their intervention as an untoward event, entirely due to his untimely and injudicious influence. What does, however, present the prospect of perplexing embarrassment ahead is the revolution that will inevitably break out in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies as soon as the first move has been made against Austria. Prince Murat would then in all probability be joyfully hailed by the Neapolitans, while he would undoubtedly be scouted by the Sicilians. Piedmont might thus find itself exposed to the painful necessity of having to purchase the indispensable assistance of its ally, by siding against an Italian people risen in vindication of ancient rights—a people which, more than any other in the south, possesses Piedmontese sympathies, and in 1848 elected the Duke of Genoa for its sovereign. This is to our minds a pregnant germ of danger inherent to the French alliance, seriously threatening the influence of Piedmont in Southern Italy, and which it will require all Count Cavour's statesmanship to render harmless.

But, turning aside from assumed complication, let us consider what ought to be the policy of an English government with reference to a struggle against Austria on the part of Piedmont, actively aided by France, and rewarding its assistance by the cession of Savoy and the elevation of Murat to the throne of Naples. The alliance with France has been a matter of imperative necessity for Piedmont. Personal predilection and sound patriotism would have made Count Cavour prefer an English alliance, and if British diplomacy has any complaints to make about the present aspect of affairs, she must fairly lay to herself some blame in reference to them. At and after the Congress of Paris Count Cavour sought, as far as lay in his power, to cement an understanding with England, whose general policy on the Continent is honestly bent on the maintenance of sound peace, and whose especial interests in the Mediterranean coincide best with those of Italy. But the blunders of British negotiators in the peace with Russia frustrated his hopes. Our Government thought to hide the hasty weakness with which it had accepted inadequate terms by stoutly insisting on the execution of some minor points, by its own

negligence not defined with proper clearness in the treaty. On this occasion Austria alone lent assistance, and thus an accidental community of action was brought about between her and England, which was altogether unwarranted by her conduct during the Crimean war, or any identity between the general interests of the two countries. Nevertheless the English Government allowed itself to be so much influenced by the fact of the fortuitous concert, as to lend its countenance to Austria in a degree and extent which justly created astonishment. England was not content with the language customary to diplomacy in deprecation of political disturbance; she spontaneously converted herself into an organ for conveying to Piedmont the expression of Austria's wishes, thereby certainly manifesting a decided inclination towards, if not a positive participation in, the views of the latter. When Lord Malmesbury took the seals of office this tone of partisanship was increased. The Conservative politicians, with their Austrian sympathies, were delighted at a pretext for pressing into their service the authoritative language of British policy. Thus in the case of the *Cagliari* the English Government refused to support Piedmont in its claim for an indemnity from the King of Naples, and accompanied this refusal of proceedings that gave it the significance of a purposely offensive demonstration. Count Cavour's intimate knowledge of England prevented him from being deluded into the notion of being able to secure her active assistance towards bringing about a war with Austria; but he had a right to expect that she would, in accordance with traditional policy, lend the weight of her sympathy and influence in favor of a country battling for just independence; and which, while all Europe was standing timidly aloof from England during the most critical period of the Russian war, came voluntarily forward to make sacrifices of money and blood in her behalf. But, instead of encountering kindly feelings, Piedmont has been studiously treated with the icy and cutting coldness indicative of strong inward dislike, until, in consequence, she has been compelled to throw herself entirely into the arms of her powerful neighbor, under the pressure of her own perilous situation and the utter absence of all other friendly assistance. It is true that a power hitherto identified with despotic reaction, and our most direct antagon-

ist in every quarter of the world, suddenly appears on the stage of Italian politics in a mysterious and suspicious character. The exertions of Russia to extend her influence in the Mediterranean by the establishment of a naval depôt at Villafranca were calculated to excite just apprehensions in connection with her known hatred of Austria. We are fully convinced that she has been solely actuated by political purposes of her own in this measure; but we are inclined to believe that they are not at this moment so far matured as to make her engage actively in war. That which, however, does not suit her convenience this year may perfectly suit it the following, and the new addition of this formidable element of danger to the many already involved in the condition of Italy, is, to our mind, a most cogent reason why a wise policy should at once apply itself, before it is too late to devise a radical remedy for a state of things pregnant with fearful convulsions, and cast aside the inadequate recipes of trifling palliatives. It is the essence of good government to forestall the disastrous occurrence of revolutions by wise provisions. The neglect thereof is the cause of the present impending embarrassments. Had diplomacy insisted on that better settlement of Italy, which it has repeatedly declared desirable, and officially recommended, it would not now be exposed to the peril of having to bear the full intensity of those troubles, from dealing with which, when still in embryo, its pusillanimity while a free agent foolishly recoiled.

England can have only two interests at heart in her foreign policy—removal of elements for embroilment, and steady opposition to all serious disturbance of the balance of power by a course of usurping conquest. Both these interests are continually exposed to danger in the present condition of Italy, which is a perennial hotbed for revolutionary discontent, and, as shown just now, a pretext ready at all times for the purposes of meddling ambition. We believe that the danger to England and Europe can be effectually removed, without any serious obstacles on the part of rooted elements, by the establishment of a kingdom of Northern Italy, extending to the frontiers of Tuscany, and to be ruled by the king of Piedmont; by the introduction of lay government into the States of the Pope; and by the restoration of constitutional right in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

Thus Italy would be in the enjoyment of an order of things capable of fairly contenting its people and developing its further resources, while a federative union, free from foreign control, would be established of itself as soon as the Austrian has been ejected, in virtue of the inevitable moral predominance that must forthwith devolve on the great northern kingdom, giving that political compactness to the Peninsula which will be the best security for peace, and make it the best ally for England in the Mediterranean. The Italian difficulties in the way of this reform reside in the sovereigns, not in any inherent vices of the people rendering union impossible. The most serious is to be found in the Pope; yet we do not see any valid and really insuperable obstacle which must absolutely prevent his accommodating himself to the duties incumbent on a proper temporal sovereign. In their palmiest days Popes took a leading part in Italian politics, rivalling in national spirit the best lay princes; and as the spiritual and temporal character are quite distinct in their attributes, we see no reason why in the latter he should not accommodate himself to the decision of a federative council.

It will, however, be said, and truly said, that to aim at changes of this kind is to embark in war, since it is not in human nature that Austria should bring herself tamely to resign of her own self her magnificent possessions in Italy. To entertain such plans is therefore beyond the range of diplomacy, bound by its principles above all to husband peace, and to devise compromises which may conciliate the greatest possible progressive concession with the least possible violation of established right. This is quite true; and the blessing of peace is, indeed, so great to all mankind that those entrusted with the direction of human affairs feel it to be their paramount duty to do their utmost honorably to preserve it. We believe that there is one arrangement which might be proposed to Austria with the expectation that she should assent to it, and which, fulfilling all the exigencies of diplomatic considerations, would yet secure concessions of signal advantage to Italy. The support which hitherto has enabled Italian governments to defy in their abuses the just discontent of their subjects, has solely resided in the unfailing protectorate extended to them by Austria, a protectorate not warranted by any of those treaties which are the title-deeds for her Ital-

ian provinces. Let, therefore, the great Powers of Europe call on Austria to restrict herself simply to the government of her own provinces; let them, met in Congress, guarantee the independence of all Italian States in such a manner that no intervention should be possible on the part of any one foreign Power in their internal affairs, except by the mutual consent of all the contracting Powers. By such an understanding the condition of Italy would be at once radically modified. The Pope, the King of Naples, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, would forthwith be directed to their own resources, and be deprived of the possibility perpetually to repose in stolid confidence on the certain support of foreign arms in the event of intestine troubles. They would be left alone with their subjects like other sovereigns, and their subjects would be assured that, within ordinary limits, they might safely venture on making their grievances known, and freely press for their redress. Thus would the supremacy of Austria's domination be abolished in the Peninsula, which would be put in a condition for developing her faculties in a manner that must lead ultimately to entire emancipation, unless the Italian people prove false to itself. On the other hand, if Austria should refuse a proposal so strictly in accordance with the laws of nations, she would then proclaim her outlawry from diplomacy, and openly stake her political existence on the usurpation of an authority which it never was the intention of European Powers to bestow on her.

What it therefore behoves the British public to bear in mind is, how at this moment we stand at the threshold of complications beyond any one's power permanently to prevent, unless by measures of a very comprehensive nature. Count Cavour is no reckless firebrand; he is himself the slave—but the enlightened slave—of painful circumstances. Piedmont did not wantonly bring on 1848; but 1848 luckily found men able to create the Piedmont of our day, and who rendered an immense service to Italy and the world by supplying a possible means of conducting to a satisfactory issue the elements of fearful convulsion heaped up in the Peninsula. Is, then, the possession of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces by Austria of such vital importance to England,—is the fact of Savoy falling to France, and Murat's being elevated to the throne of Naples, so disastrous to the politi-

cal even-weight of Europe, that an English ministry would be allowed to lend its encouraging countenance so distinctly to Austria as might instigate her to a resistance vigorous enough not improbably to lead to a protracted contest, the incidents and much less the end of which cannot be described? Sentimentalism is justly to be banished from a statesman's closet. The English Foreign Secretary who should rise to propose supplies for a war of liberation in Italy would be expelled from office; but we hope the same fate will be reserved for one who should be found secretly identifying our actions with Austria. If it were otherwise, it would be a melancholy symptom, for spontaneous alliances indicate inward affinities. A healthy State, because of its health, finds itself drawn towards the elements of vigor. Such has been the case with our policy hitherto, from the time of Elizabeth. If we would throw in our lot with a State which is so consciously incapable of active exertion, that no prize, however certain, could compensate for the danger to which it would be put in first having to conquer it, we must have grown so decrepit, that our safety henceforth depends on the sufferance extended to decay. To engage in an Austrian alliance is to load ourselves with a fresh integrity yet more baneful than that orthodox nightmare of diplomacy—the integrity of the Turkish Empire, because more exposed to attack on all sides, and sure to entail great and recurring sacrifices; the only possible result of which can be, the poor satisfaction that our substance has been spent in perhaps putting off for a generation an inevitable event. Faithfulness to treaties must be the guiding principle of statesmanship, as the only barrier to unprincipled ambition; but this faith admits, and even renders imperative, the admixture of free reason, to prevent its sinking into a dead superstition. The inadequacy of the treaty of Vienna has been acknowledged by its framers; even its fundamental clause was yielded without one dissentient voice when a Bonaparte was recognized as sovereign of France. It is absurd seriously to maintain the inviolable sanctity of that treaty after this concession, and after the erection of Belgium into a kingdom, and the annexation of Cracow by Austria. But it would be still more absurd to allow that treaties agreed upon by all Europe should be left the sport of individual and

arbitrary convenience. When their revision is required, it should be performed by common consent; and any minister who from dull perverseness should ungraciously resist this until it be accomplished by force, incurs the heavy responsibility of a virtual agent of convulsion. Let no English Minister, therefore, presume to fancy that he will be allowed with impunity to indulge his Conservative prejudices, by tacitly wedding England to the cause of Austria, and blight her future existence by divorcing her from the vigorous elements of grown greatness. Lord Malmesbury has, indeed, a suspicion that he cannot give the reins to his inclination; and a shrewd fear of falling from his high estate has induced him to modify in some degrees his Austrian ardor.

But with regret we must say it, that we fear these modifications are of a deceptive nature and only in manner. On every occasion the English statesman eagerly continues to act in the temper of a Tory partisan, and indulges his prejudices by language worse than indiscreet; for it conveys a distinct reprobation of Piedmont, which is warranted neither by Count Cavour's conduct nor by our interests, and under present circumstances is positively criminal on the part of a British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, as wantonly tending to involve us in a ruinous line of policy. England's course is in a dignified neutrality, that should enable her to give effective expression to sympathy with Italy, and to such impartial counsel as on grounds of expediency she may see fit to offer either party. She will thus secure respect and confidence. In the first instance she will afford Piedmont the moral assistance which is her due, and in a critical moment she will be able to mediate, and if necessary, ultimately to intervene with supreme effect, thereby bringing the quarrel to an issue which will deliver Italy from servitude, and Austria from a contest that might entail her destruction. The attitude of England has been unfortunately very different under a Minister who possesses the qualities of a statesman only in name—who thinks to show resolution when merely exhibiting blind fits of stubbornness—who couches what he professes to be friendly admonitions in offensive and ill-bred language—who reveals the painful blankness of his intellect by the foolish bustle with which he keeps proffering the most threadbare and in-

adequate suggestions, which can excite only derision and dissatisfaction, and whose whole deportment betrays the helpless and undignified perturbation which seized the Paul Pry in the ballad, when, having filched the wizard's scroll, he found that he had brought himself into contact with a legion of spirits, whom he was quite at a loss how to control. It is greatly to be lamented that the most unreasonable element of Lord Derby's Cabinet has been projected into the direction of our

foreign policy at a season so momentous as to task the brains of the greatest statesman. For Nature's distribution of her gifts we are none of us responsible: England will therefore gladly forgive Lord Malmesbury his unmerited elevation, and even reward him with heartfelt thankfulness if he will only appreciate his own inefficiency, and avoid future imprecations for the baneful consequences of his meddling in affairs with which he is incompetent to deal.

POLITENESS BEYOND THE GRAVE.—One of our most agreeable wits, whose company was much in request, used in his latter days to decline invitations to country houses, because he feared he might be taken ill and die, and he added that to lie dead in a friend's house was a liberty and piece of ill-breeding he could never forgive himself. This example of delicacy is far surpassed by the Spanish Consul for Australia, Don Antonio de Ayala, whose letter of apology to the Duke of Marlborough for destroying himself in his Grace's park is a perfect curiosity in its singular way. Don Antonio de Ayala explains to the Duke that he could not blow out his brains with any comfort in the busy haunts of men. But he must be read in his own words:—

“Woodstock, April 14.

“My Lord,—I humbly ask your Lordship's pardon and forgiveness for the great liberty I have taken in coming to put an end to my dreary and miserable existence in your park. It may be a childish feeling, but one cannot blow his brains out in a common road, or one of those cultivated fields full of cottages and life, and civilization, and railways, and establishments of all kinds, of which your blessed country of England abound. So I have not found another proper place to die decently than your handsome park, and you must bear the inconvenience of a dead man in your grounds. I mean no offence.

“I have yesterday visited your house, hoping that the sight of good things, and chiefly good paintings, could do me good, and soften the wild ideas that had led me to put an end to my life; but all of no use. Your manor is one of the most noble, splendid things I saw in my life, and I have travelled about and seen nearly every thing worth seeing. You have the finest Rubens that can be seen; that should have a great attraction for me under other circumstances, but now they have been of no use.

“I hope, with that splendid house, and park, and paintings, and library, you are happy, my lord. If that is the case you will have a kind heart, and pity a poor devil come to die in your grounds. If, on the contrary, you are miserable

also, as wealth is a medium, and do not constitute happiness, then you will say, like old Dido,—

“‘Non ignara mali, miseris succurere disco,’ and pity me, and order that they shall leave me quiet, and bury me in the spot I have died, and put a cross on it in the Spanish fashion. *I will be very grateful in the other world for it if you do so, and wish not to trouble any more your lordship about me.*

“I am, my lord, yours respectfully,
“A. ARROM DE AYALA.”

If this had appeared in a work of fiction how unnatural and extravagant it would have been thought. The poor gentleman's last thoughts respecting the things of this world were divided between his anxiety to excuse the liberty of leaving his dead body on the Duke's grounds, “meaning no offence,” and his love of art, and he passes from his own anticipated death to “the finest Rubens that can be seen,” but which had not charms enough to reconcile him to live, though he went to see it with some hope of such a result. Foreigners have a notion that the English are more addicted to suicide than any other people, and commit it with more phlegm and sang froid, but a parallel to the case of Don Antonio de Ayala's self-destruction is not to be found amongst the natives of the land of fogs and gloom, as they delight in styling our country abroad. Spaniards, however, will be sure to ascribe their countryman's conduct to the effects of our climate, but Don Antonio was evidently not insensible to the peculiar charms of English scenery, relishing it not less than the Rubens, but not well enough to consent to live for it.—*Examiner.*

FATHER ANSELMO SEHNBIGER, a monk in a convent in Germany, states that he has discovered a key to the different systems of musical notation in use in the middle ages. He explains this discovery in a memoir on St. Gall's celebrated “School of Singing,” a work supposed to have been written before the twelfth century.

From Chambers's Journal.

MY THREE WOOINGS.

CHAPTER I.

It was a most unjustifiable proceeding! I can say nothing in extenuation of my conduct; nothing even to qualify it; but since confessions are the fashion, I will "make a clean breast of it," and relate the whole story, trusting it may prove at least a warning voice to the few—for I hope there are not many—who have been placed in my strange position—that of the accepted lover of three charming girls at the same time!

Yes, fair reader, you may well shake those silken curls at me; such was the astounding fact.

It was long ago—I will not say how long ago, for I am not going to narrate my whole history; only such passages of it as are connected with what has been defined as "an episode in the life of man, though it forms the whole history of woman."

The daughter of my private tutor was my first love.

Where is the man who did not fall in love with the daughter of his private tutor? always supposing he had a private tutor, and that private tutor had a daughter.

Her name was Rose May, and she was like a May-rose, so fresh, so fair, so blooming, so artless.

Of course, all her father's "young men" fell in love with her; she was used to that; and it was not only her vanity that was flattered by my attentions. Attentions? That was an odd word, for they only consisted in my inattention to every thing else. It was no use carving her name upon the trees; I found they were all scored over with it already. It was no use sending her valentines; Dr. May saw all her letters. It was no use playing the flute, nor even the key-bugle, for she said she did not like music, though her voice, when she taught the school-children their Hundredth Psalm and their Evening Hymn, was as sweet as St. Cecilia's might have been. At last, I found a way to her heart.

Rose was fond of sketching from nature, and so was I. It is true that the gable-ends of her roofs were wandering upward and downward in search of some unknown vanishing-point; and her chimneys had a trick of looking over into their neighbors' windows, like the leaning tower of Pisa; but I gave

her some hints about this, and was soon installed her drawing-master.

This insured me many a pleasant stroll with her; and I cut her pencils, and carried her book; and we often sat and looked at the same oak-tree without much progress in its outline. At last I made a discovery.

I took up a drawing-book which I was not intended to see; it was snatched out of my hands, and the May-rose became a blush-rose on the spot; but I gained my point at last. I opened the book, and there were indubitable proofs that the talent of my lovely pupil lay not in gables and in oak-trees, but in portraits. There was I myself, in a variety of attempts, the cravat particularly elaborated; but the profile could not be mistaken (reader, I have an aquiline nose): the nostril was left out altogether; the eye but faintly indicated, though there were long eyelashes, like stitches in netting, round it; the hair made one think of the "ancient thatch upon the lonely moated grange;" but still it was my hair; and the eyebrow unmistakable.

I turned to the May-rose in unspeakable happiness. I am not sure what I did—whether I kissed my own portrait or her hand or fell on my knees; but I know that soon after we were engaged—irrevocably engaged. She was sixteen; I was eighteen. We knew our own minds perfectly; we had gone through this bleak world alone, unloving and unloved, except by a few fathers and mothers and maiden aunts; we had found the one only being who could understand and appreciate us—we loved; we were betrothed.

I went to Oxford, and passed wretched years in anguish and suspense, occasionally relieved by boating, driving coaches—there were coaches in those days—hunting, wine-parties, and a very little reading. I went through my little go creditably. My only wish in life was to have a tolerable living, which my father would purchase for me, and marry the May-rose.

I have promised not to write an autobiography, and will only touch lightly and briefly on what was any thing but a light matter to me: my father failed in some mining speculations just about the time I was to leave college. I had no prospect then of his being able to purchase a living for me; and my dreams of a parsonage and the May-rose grew fainter.

My uncle, the general, took a fancy, though

a very precarious one, to me. I went down, at his invitation, to his place in Hampshire. The fancy took root and flourished. I wonder at it, for I went with a thorough determination to contradict him in every thing, lest he should suppose I wanted to curry favor with him. He had made his fortune in India, in the days when fortunes were made there; and he was bent upon one of two things—either that I should accept a writership and go to Madras, or marry his ward, Justina Warner, who was to have three thousand a year, and was just seventeen.

Of course, I resolved to do neither; and in order to clench the matter, finding Miss Warner was expected at the Birches, asked on purpose to meet me, I immediately wrote a most pathetic epistle to the May-rose, accompanied with a turquoise and pearl ring in the shape of a "forget-me-not," renewing my vows of unchangeable fidelity. To this I received a tender reply, written on pink paper, with a stamped border, which found its home in my left waistcoat pocket; and what delighted me more was a lock of her exquisite fair hair, and a heart's-ease ring, which just fitted my little finger, where I forthwith installed it.

Alas! was it the presentiment of danger that made me thus barricade my heart and guard my hand with that little special constable of a heart's-ease ring? I know not, but I felt that I should be violently attacked by the said Justina Warner, especially as my uncle, who was enthusiastic in her praise, described her as "a splendid girl;" "such a horsewoman! Just see her ride Sky-rocket across country, that's all; stops at nothing. Then such a mimic; so clever, she takes off people to their faces. And as to caricatures!—" Here he ended in an admiring laugh, which quite abashed me by anticipation.

The May-rose softly blushed upon my imagination in contrast to this boyden; and I pressed the hand with the ring on its little finger fervently on my left waistcoat-pocket containing the pink letter.

Justina came. Directly the ringing of gate bells, clapping of doors, lifting of trunks, and other notes of arrival, assailed me, I rushed out into the shrubbery—"into the free air" as I called it; but it was not free to me, for there I met my uncle, with a very red face, hurrying in to receive her. He gasped out:

"Where are you off to, you young scape-grace? Don't you know Justina's come?"

I was turned back like a whipped hound, and followed my uncle to the backdoor by which he was entering; there, however, I saw a way of escape—the back-stairs which led to my bedroom. Regardless of consequences, I rushed up the steps, overturning a pail and mop in my way, reached my room without further accident, bolted the door, and threw myself on a chair, literally panting with the sense of escape.

My room looked towards the back of the house into the stable-yard. I could not make up my mind to face the formidable Miss Warner at luncheon, and waited till I trusted she would be disposed of, either to go out with my uncle, or retire to her own room; so I remained where I was, beguiling the time with the dear little pink letter, which I had by heart, and thinking of the dear little writer. Suddenly I heard my uncle's voice close under my window; a groom was called, and desired to bring out a newly purchased horse, to show Miss Warner.

"Oh, no; I'd much rather go in and look at him," said a high, clear, but not displeasing voice. "Besides, I want to see all my old friends. How's Sky-rocket, Thomas? Where do the H. H. hounds meet this week? General, are you up to a run, or will you only ride with me to see the meet? I hope you won't send that nephew of yours with me instead, because I have a strong presentiment that he is a spoon."

My uncle laughed long and loud, then said: "No, no; not quite that; but he certainly wants you to put a little life into him. He is a nice lad enough."

"A nice lad! Oh, yes, I can just fancy. I suppose he walks out by moonlight, and always shuts the door softly, and sits with his feet under his chair, and says, 'Yes indeed' and 'You don't say so!' A regular muff, I dare say. But where are the pointer puppies? I must see them first and then the new horse."

Here the conversation took a canine turn, and relieved my angry blushes. I was violently incensed; indeed, in the agitation of the moment, I actually tore in pieces the precious pink letter I had in my hand. This misfortune rather calmed my feelings—on the principle of counter-irritation, I suppose, for

I was much annoyed to lose the valued relic. I got out my desk, and sat down to write to the May-rose, but somehow or other, I could not get on. There was every now and then a loud, but very merry, and not unmusical laugh under my window, that disturbed me, and I began to wonder what this virago looked like. I hated her most intensely, and the very hatred gave me an interest in her.

I began several sheets to the May-rose, and found, that after writing, "Dearest and loveliest Rose," or "Sweetest and fairest Rose," etc., I had nothing to say to her, but to relate the incidents of Miss Warner's arrival. I tore up the letter in disgust, at my own stupidity, and began to think it only wanted an hour of dinner, and then I could not avoid meeting the detestable Miss Warner. For that hour, I continued my voluntary captivity, afraid of encountering the enemy, if I went out; but I employed the time in selecting what I considered to be the most knowing-looking of my cravats and waistcoats.

I never had bestowed so much time and thought upon my dress before; yet it was not so much the wish to please, as the fear of ridicule. I wondered, as I never did before, whether my long, straight hair did not really give me a "spooney" look, and whether a green or a purple waistcoat might not make me look pale and "moonstruck." A white cravat I entirely avoided, for having sported one at Dr. May's on a grand occasion, Rose had said—though this was before we were engaged—that it made me look like a footman.

At last the second bell rung, and in spite of all I could do, my heart beat violently, and I felt my cheeks flush as I entered the drawing-room. To my horror and consternation, Justina was there alone. I felt so utterly dismayed, that my first impulse was to retreat, and shut the door again; but in doing this, in my confusion, I shut in the paw of a Skye terrier that had followed me into the room. Nettle began to howl; Miss Warner flew to the rescue, seated herself on the floor, and began to soothe the whining animal, and examine the wounded foot. This she did without taking the slightest notice of me, who stood by rather sulkily, feeling as if I ought to apologize, and yet, as it was my own dog, I did not see why I should, unless I did so to Nettle, who was certainly the aggrieved party.

"You are giving yourself a great deal of

trouble," said I, feeling I *must* say something. "He is not much hurt."

"You might have broken his leg, and perhaps you have," she said, still intent on the dog. "I never saw any thing so awkward. Why could you not have come in at once, and not taken fright at me?"

"I? I was looking for my uncle," said I, much abashed; "otherwise I should"—

"Nonsense! Tell the truth at once, if you wish to please me."

How I longed to tell her I did not wish to please her, but had not courage.

"There, you darling little pet, you'd tell the truth if you could speak, wouldn't you? Is it your dog? What's its name? You don't deserve such a dear dog, and not to care whether you crush it to death or not! I wish you'd give it to me; I have taken a great fancy to the dog."

Here was a poser! Give her my dog? I would as soon give her my heart and hand—and I mentally resolved on seeing her go through a very unpleasant process indeed, before I did *that*. Give her Nettle? Why, I could not make up my mind to give the dog to Rose, though I knew she would have liked it above all things. She always said it was "a duck." I uttered not a word; and Nettle, who had left off howling, and was now licking his wounded foot and Miss Warner's hand alternately, still sat in her lap, looking up to me and wagging his tail occasionally, in a forgiving manner.

At this juncture, in came my uncle, and the butler followed him to announce dinner.

"What's the matter now?" said he, stopping opposite to Justina, who sat close to the door, Turkish fashion, with the dog in her lap.

"Nothing at all, general," said she, rising with graceful ease, and still holding Nettle in her arms. "This poor dog has been hurt in the door; and as a recompense for my skill in doctoring him, your nephew has been so polite as to give him to me. Is not that good natured?"

She said this with an air of such genuine delight, and my uncle looked so pleased with me, as he said: "Upon my word, then, I suppose you have made acquaintance without me?" that I was again tongue-tied, and of course my silence was acquiescence. It was quite a relief to me when seated at dinner with the lights—for I had scarcely had a sight

of Miss Warner's features in the dusk of the drawing-room—it was quite a relief to me, that she was *not* pretty. She was small, and slight, and exquisitely formed; her eyes were magnificent—dark hazel, with long black lashes; her hair as dark as night, but its thick tresses were carelessly arranged, and did not show off the really beautiful shape of her head; her complexion was that of a brunette; her mouth too large for beauty, though her teeth were like pearls: in short, she was one of those women who do not strike at first, but grow into beauty as you learn them by heart. Some might call her plain, and some few might think her beautiful. I was determined to think her detestable, and to give her no encouragement; but as the dinner and evening proceeded without her appearing to take the least notice of me, I was at a loss how to manifest my intention.

The general was bent upon drawing out her talents and accomplishments, showing her caricatures, and making her sing. She sung admirably; and though I appeared entirely absorbed in the *Hampshire Mercury*, and though my uncle's favorite songs were not mine, yet I could not help feeling a charm in them.

To Justina's singing I was determined to act the "deaf adder;" but it was no use—the spell was on me; it was *music*, not this song or that, which she sung. There was something in the perfectly trained, though not powerful, voice, that gave a promise, a security to the ear that it would not be wounded. It was music that seemed to vibrate to some cord within me—it was music that made me feel almost as if I were singing it myself, so perfectly in unison did it seem with my inner being. I had leaned back in my arm-chair, and concealed my face with the newspaper. Justina, peeping over the top of her music-book, I suppose, thought me asleep, and half in merriment, half in mortification, suddenly clattered down the music-book upon the keys, making a tremendous orchestral crash. The newspaper dropped from before my eyes, in my sudden start at the shock. Justina saw that I was actually in tears; there was no time to conceal the fact. The general laughed, Justina did not; she looked very red, and very much astonished and disconcerted, and sat at the piano without attempting to pick up her book or resume her playing.

"I—I beg your pardon," she said, quite humbly.

"Pardon! Indeed, I should think so," said the general, "for shocking our nerves in that way."

"Well, I won't do so any more," she said, rising from the piano, and giving an odd, inquiring look at me.

"Do you mean to say that you won't sing any more?" said I, eagerly starting up. "Oh, you must—you will." I had risen, and was assisting her to replace the music-book.

"I had no idea you were so fond of music," she said in a low voice, quite unlike her former manner. "I thought you disliked it."

"And that was the reason you played and sung, then?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, think I dislike it still, and go on playing and singing."

"Are there any songs you particularly—dislike?"

"Yes; but if you sing them—as I suppose you would, if I name them—I should be sure to like them." Here she jumped up from the piano, and clapped her hands, running up to my uncle.

"General, general, why did we not have a bet? A compliment; your nephew has actually paid me a compliment—given me his dog, and paid me a compliment. Is not that pretty well for the first day's work?" I was utterly confounded and exasperated.

"Bold, vain, conceited coquette," thought I; "but no more worth a serious moment's consideration than a musical snuff-box, which I shall make play for my amusement."

Let the reader experienced in such matters, which I confess is not even now my case, imagine a succession of such scenes for a fortnight. I was by degrees occupied, interested, curious, piqued, provoked, mortified, flattered, and finally captivated. Yes, reader with the dark braids and soft eyes, do not look up reproachfully; it was a fact. Of course, it is needless to assure you that I did not succumb without a struggle; the final and conquering blow was given by the appearance of a rival.

My uncle, the general, was too much of an old soldier to encourage any such poachers on his own estate, but there was a county ball, from which Miss Warner would not be absent. I had grown by this time to think her not only pretty, but absolutely beautiful. There was a variety in her dress, her looks, and her humor, that did not seem design, but a kind of adorable caprice, that was quite en-

chanting. She never did, or said, or looked, as you expected she would.

At this ball there were officers from Winchester, and dandies from London, and squires and eldest sons from the neighborhood. Miss Warner was known as a fortune, as a capital horsewoman, as a beautiful waltzer, as a wit, and as "capital fun." It was not the fashion to call her a beauty; yet, when she came out, looking her best, and perfectly well dressed, people were surprised into saying, she was "quite pretty" to-night. How often an established beauty, one shade paler than usual, is thought "looking quite plain!"

Well, this was one of Justina's triumphal nights. She was in white, with scarlet pomegranate blossoms in her dark hair, and looping up her dress. I could not waltz, and suffered an unknown and intense torture in seeing Justina whirled past me in the arms of one man after another through the dance. She evidently seemed to enjoy it.

"Don't you dance?" said she to me, during a pause. "You have not asked me. But perhaps you would like to be introduced to some other girls."

"I do not dance," said I with dignity; "and I despise every one, every man, at least, that does." Her partner here claimed her, and she was again whirled away.

"So Sir William Rycroft is caught at last!" said a sharp feminine voice in the circle near me.

"Yes, so they say," was the response; "and a lucky man, too. Rich as he is, and a young baronet, he was looking out for money."

"But what has Miss Warner? She is much too pretty for an heiress," said the other voice.

I knew that it was Sir William Rycroft, who was then in the heat of a *deux-temps* with Justina. I watched them with the eye of a hawk. The dance was over, and he was leading her to the supper-room; she turned her head, as if looking for some one. I thought it was for her temporary chaperon, Lady Rycroft, mother of the baronet; but she still looked about till she glanced at me. Her cheek flushed, and she gave me an unmistakable sign to come to her. I advanced coldly and doubtfully. "O Gerald!" she exclaimed—this was the first time she had ever called me by my Christian name, and it thrilled me like the music of her songs—"where is the General? I so particularly wish

you would take me to him—can you?" She almost placed her arm within mine, as she withdrew from the discomfited baronet. He could only bow acquiescence, and looked daggers and pistols at me. As soon as we had left him, she said: "Pray, forgive my familiar address just now. I saw you looked horrified at my calling you 'Gerald.'"

"No, Justina," said I; "not in the least. I am never surprised at any caprice in you."

"Thank you. But it was not entirely caprice; it was to get rid of that man. I thought you would allow me *for once* to take the liberty of using your name."

"Why, they say you are engaged to him, and I have seen you dance with him all the evening."

"What was I to do if nobody else danced?"

"Everybody asked you."

"Well, and I danced with everybody; and now I have done—I don't mean to dance any more."

"I was in hopes you would once, one dull quadrille with me."

"Why did you not ask me, then? I thought you despised dancing."

"I only hate those that dance with you."

The quadrille was forming, and we stood up. She was in no haste to find the general, and never had she so fascinated me. Sir William came up again to take her to supper, and he looked bitterly mortified when she coolly refused.

"You are scarcely polite to him," said I magnanimously.

"I did not intend it. His mother has most impertinently made his proposals to me, and he has taken it for granted they were accepted; so I have set him down and given him his answer; and I wish to goodness, Gerald, you could waltz, and then I should not have any trouble; but to refuse a man point-blank, and then let him clasp one round the waist, is rather awkward."

"And if I had been able to waltz?"

"Why, then, of course, I should have waltzed with no one else."

This "of course" both bewildered and enchanted me. I sat next her at supper—a regular country-ball sitting-down supper. The general was opposite, and her chaperon, Lady Rycroft, completely distanced. I don't know how many glasses of champagne I drank, but I made several puns, and felt witty enough to have written *Vanity Fair*. Then came a

sentimental fit, and I quoted Byron, and swore "there was none of Beauty's daughters with a magic like *her*," and that she walked in beauty like the night. I have a suspicion that I must have said something even more tender and "compromising" still.

Instead of laughing at all this, as was her wont, Justina received it with an air of benitude; and just as we were making our way to the cloak-room—the general following discreetly in the rear, she said in a low voice: "You have made me so very, very happy, Gerald, this evening, I must tell you so."

"Is it possible?" said I, venturing to press the little hand resting on my arm. "How so?"

"Oh, of course you know what I mean; only you men are such tyrants—you will never be satisfied without making us acknowledge our slavery."

"What can slavery have to do with you—and me; unless, indeed"—and here I floundered for a compliment.

"Oh, spare yourself the trouble of telling me you are my slave, when all the time, you only wanted to make me yours."

"What can you mean?"

"O pretty innocence! Why, I mean, if it must out, that it makes me ten thousand times happier to find, after all, you—you love me, in spite of yourself, and though you were determined to hate me, than if you had come prepared to make love *aux beaux yeux de ma cassette*, like all the other men. I was just as resolved to dislike you too; and yet you see."

How could I interrupt her otherwise than by again pressing the little hand!

She went on: "But, Gerald, you must not think me very strange and bold (I dare say, you do, though, already!) if I give you one hint: I shall be obliged to tell the general immediately about Sir William Rycroft, as he will be sure to hear of it. I expect to be terribly blamed, unless—unless you or I tell him also what has passed to-night: he is sure to be delighted at *that*, you know."

She said this in a hurried, agitated manner. I scarcely know what I said in answer; I was again taken for granted. The general joined us almost immediately, and we stepped into the carriage for a long drive home, which was effectually a *tête-à-tête*, as the general was fast asleep very soon; and as Justina leaned forward to talk to me in whispers, and allowed me to hold her hand in mine, I forgot every

thing but herself and the strange, unexpected confessions, that she had liked me from the very first, though she had been quite determined not to do so.

As soon as we arrived, I hastened to my room, not venturing to encounter the general. In the morning, however, I was doomed: he was alone in the breakfast-room when I came down. I quite longed to see Justina also, but she did not appear. Any thing would have been better than an explanation with him. He began by clapping my back, shaking my hands, poking my ribs, and every English equivalent to an embrace—calling me "Lucky dog," "Sly fox," and other congratulatory epithets. At last I gained courage to ask him what he meant.

"Mean! Why, what the devil do you mean?"

I muttered something about a mistake, and that Miss Warner must have misunderstood me. I will not attempt to describe the explosion that followed, which subsided into the question: "Do you mean to say, then, you won't have her?"

I could not answer "No;" I blushed every shade from red to purple, but I could not say "No." I thought of the May-rose, and a curacy; I felt in my waistcoat-pocket for the pink letter, no longer there; I looked at the turquoise ring, but I did not say "No." "What a fool the boy is!" said my uncle with an almost hysterical laugh of relief. "You put me quite in a fright by your confounded shyness."

With these words, he left me; and while I was revolving some means of escape, I saw Justina's little blood-mare, and the horse I usually rode, led up to the door ready for mounting; and she herself came flying downstairs in hat and habit, a remarkably becoming dress to her, while her clear voice sounded through the spacious hall: "Gerald! Gerald! are you not ready?"

So I found myself taken for granted again; and against my will, or rather without my will, was soon cantering down the lane by her side, as usual. At first I resolved to be so sulky that she should be obliged to ask me for an explanation; then I would confess all about the May-rose, and throw myself on her mercy; but nothing of this happened. I could not but be flattered by the change in her manner: all her pert flippancy had disappeared—she was all gentleness and winning

softness; so I put off my confession till we turned back. "When we get upon the downs," said I to myself. But on the downs we had a gallop; and she had a fight with the little mare, to make her leap over a furze-bush, which incident we talked of as we rode home. I waited in vain for an *à propos* to the May-rose. "Well," thought I, "I am determined to speak as soon as we get into the turnip-field." In the turnip-field, however, out flew a covey of partridges, which made us both devoutly wish we had guns. I began some bitter remarks upon the cruelty of the wish in her, and my horror of sporting-ladies in general. Instead of being affronted, as I hoped, she said, with great sweetness: "O Gerald, I shall give up all that sort of thing now. It is just *that* which makes me so sure you really like me, that I am—now, don't deny it—exactly the reverse of all your notions of what 'lovely woman' ought to be."

"I don't intend to deny it."

"Well, that's candid, at any rate. Now, describe what your ideal love ought to have been."

Here was an opportunity. I had nothing to do but paint a flattering likeness of my May-rose—not having a miniature of her in my bosom ready to produce—and boldly declare that it was my ideal and my real love—my betrothed. But somehow or other, before we got to the end of the turnip-field, the conversation took another turn, by my admiring the droop of Justina's feather over the broad edge of her hat; and the general on his fat cob coming to meet us, took a load from my heart, as I thought I *must* now put it off till to-morrow.

CHAPTER II.

In the morning appeared another pale-pink and very tender letter from Rose; luckily for me, it was brought up to my room, instead of being laid on the breakfast-table. I grew desperate, and forthwith packed my port-manteau, ordered the coach to be stopped at the end of the lane, rushed down the avenue to meet it, got inside, with a vague fear of being seen and stopped if I ventured on the box, and did not feel safe till I arrived at home—for I had still a home, changed, saddened, humbled as it was, and a good, dear mother, and a kind-hearted, loving sister.

"Such fun, Gerald," said my sister Jane, the next morning, "your old friend Hester

Dering, is going to be married to cousin John."

"What! John Hartland? I never heard a word of it."

"Yes; but listen. They are all going to tour at the Rhine—the Hartlands and Derings—and have asked me to go with them, and you too. I was going to, write this very day, only I was afraid you found it so pleasant at the general's, that you would not come away; and mamma did not much like my going, unless you could accompany us. But now you will go, won't you?"

I needed not much persuasion. The Rhine?—I wished it had been the Nile or the Ganges, to have taken me further away from my embarrassments. Thus the cowardly weakness of my nature led me away into fresh troubles, rather than look the present ones in the face.

What a lovely evening it was! how the tints of the sunset lingered on the heights, as we stood upon the "Rhenish strand!"

Hester Dering was an indefatigable sketcher, and her *fiancé*, Cousin John, very much preferred clambering to the highest point he could see, "to look for a view," to lingering by her side whilst she was drawing; so that, in our rambles, I was constantly left to escort her, my sister Jane and Cousin John taking little excursions here and there, and bringing us word of wonderful "prospects," whose picturesqueness they generally measured by their extent.

Hester had finished her sketch in the deepening twilight. "Now, Gerald," said she, as she put up her pencils, "I shall be able to talk to you. I have been very, very much interested in all you have been telling me; I hope you have not thought me indifferent because I went on drawing?"

"No," said I, offering my arm, which she took directly—"No. I like to talk to you while you are drawing, because you don't look at me."

"An odd reason," said she laughing. "Have you no better?"

"O, yes! Because we are such very old friends, Hester, and I don't feel the least afraid of you. You are not satirical, though you are so clever; and then you are engaged, you know."

"The best reason of all, you think; and no wonder, modest Master Gerald, considering all the mischief you have done. But ser-

iously, Gerald, what will you do, when we get home again, with these two engagements of yours? Which of the two—for I have tried in vain to discover—do you really love?—I don't say love best, as one would ask a child if it loves its nurse or its sugar-plums best, for there cannot be the least comparison in a true love."

"Well," said I, "you may laugh at me as you will, but I solemnly declare I don't know."

"Then I fear you love neither the one nor the other. Rose May was decidedly your first love."

"Oh, as for that, I was desperately in love at ten years old, for a whole holiday, with a certain fairy queen of seven, as perhaps you may remember, Miss Hester."

"Meaning me, I suppose! Yes, those were happy days, Gerald! Do you remember that tool-house in the garden, which we made believe was an enchanted palace, and the gardener's dog was the dragon to guard me, when I was the enchanted princess, and you the knight-errant?"

"Oh, yes, yes," said I with a sort of a bitterness. "You see that Rose May was decidedly not my first love."

"Gerald, you puzzle me," said she, shaking her head. "Tell me sincerely—do you, or do you not, wish to marry either of these girls?"

Hester Dering had a way of looking up suddenly into one's face—

Few her looks, but every one
Like unexpected light surprises.

Her eyes were more soft than bright, and more dreaming than penetrating. As to their color, I never knew what it was—I never thought about it; but those rare looks of hers were like no other looks. They plunged into one's soul; and when she fixed that intent gaze upon you, I defy any one to tell her a falsehood.

I felt myself color as she looked at me; my eyes sunk under hers; then a sudden thought like an electric shock, thrilled through me. "Hester, why do you want to know? Tell me, sincerely, how does it interest you?"

It was her turn to blush crimson, and to look down, sideways, anyway, to avoid my eager gaze. She did not immediately answer, and her lips seemed forming inarticulate words, none of which were what she meant to utter. At last, with a little pettish gesture, quite unlike her usual quiet manner, she said: "Gerald, you are unkind and un-

reasonable. You have talked to me for all these pleasant weeks with the openness of an old friend, and now you speak as if my interest in you were mere curiosity, or impertinent interference."

I scarcely knew which astonished me the most—the unjust accusation, or the agitated manner in which it was made. I knew not how to reply, especially as she took her arm from mine, and walked on quickly. I followed and exclaimed: "Hester, dear Hester, what on earth have I done to offend you thus? Ask me what you will, and I tell you. I have no idea of any thing but gratitude for your kindness in advising me. No one knows me so well as you, and I am led to tell you things, and talk to you as I can to no one else in this wide world."

She had slackened her pace, and I walked on by her side.

"Why, then," said she softly, "did you ask me why and how I was interested in asking you the question I did?"

"Forgive me, if I for an instant, one single instant, mistook you. Forgive my absurd presumption—be still my sister and my friend."

"You have a sister," she replied, slightly smiling; "and you are, I think, more than provided with young-lady friends; and I"—

"Yes, yes; you, Hester, are engaged, and it is only the more kind of you to have time to think of me at all."

She smiled sadly, and again gave me one of her sudden inquiring looks; but when I offered my arm, she did not take it, and we spoke no more, but continued silently walking side by side. At a turn of the path, a sudden burst of laughter assailed us from Jane and Cousin John.

"What exceedingly agreeable company you two must be!" said he. "We just watched you, for fun, behind this bush, and I'll be hanged if you have spoken a word these ten minutes."

I felt exceedingly irate, and Hester, who had quite regained her composure of manner, said: "Your surveillance was very well timed, and you were fortunate to escape the proverbial fate of listeners."

"How severe you are, Hester," said he. "Of course, I was only in joke!" He offered her his arm, but she did not take it, while Jane and I followed at a little distance.

"Poor Cousin John!" said Jane, in a sort of a half-soliloquy. "I hardly think they quite suit each other."

"Why not, Jane?" said I.

"Oh, I don't know! Hester is so clever."

"And John Hartland is not."

"Well," she replied, "I don't think *that*, but just in the same way. He is almost afraid she is not good tempered."

"Did he tell you so?"

"Not to complain of her, for he believes she is devotedly attached to him, and would not for the world make her unhappy; but she certainly is very odd. Now, John Hartland must be the best creature in the world not to be annoyed at her always talking to you. Don't you wonder he is not jealous?"

"I never thought about it. He knows what old friends Hester and I are."

"Yes; but still he said that some people would not like it, and that if he had not had me to walk about with while Hester sits drawing, it would have been another thing."

While my sister ran on thus, I was pondering deeply. I had often vaguely thought so, but it now came over me with a deep conviction, that Hester Dering and John Hartland were as opposite as the poles. Could they love each other? Would they marry, after all? Then with a longing, aching curiosity, I asked myself, Does Hester love him? I longed to be again alone with her, and wondered I had never observed all this before. I was entirely absorbed in watching her. Did she, then, neglect me? Had all her interest in her early friend ceased? I thought so, for she grew more and more reserved and distant, and now evidently avoided being alone with me. As for John Hartland, I could see no great change in him, except that he looked piqued and annoyed sometimes after an interview with Hester, at which I felt a quite inhuman gratification. My sister Jane was equally sought by the two, and almost always made a third in their walks. Was the change, then, only in me? Nothing makes time appear so long as travelling; the succession of new images and impressions makes us live months in every hour.

It was scarcely a week after the conversation I have recorded, and yet I looked back upon the time of Hester's confidential manner as to some long bygone days. I had taken to sketching now, but she had left it off. It was an excuse to me to go long, lonely walks and excursions; on one of these I had left the party entirely, and was to rejoin them in a few days. During this soli-

tary journey, communing with my own heart, it made me some strange revelations. Hester's questions haunted me for ever: Did I or did I not wish to marry either Rose or Justina? and my heart answered loudly, and without hesitation: No, no. The image that filled my every thought and feeling was Hester's? Why had I not tried to solve that problem which always haunted me? Did she love John Hartland? If not—

Unable to bear this uncertainty longer, I returned to join the party a day before I had intended. They were at Boppart. My habitual shyness prevailed, and I would not go at once to them there, but remained in the neighborhood; and then, with my camp-stool and sketching materials, I wandered on to a spot where I had last watched the artistic pencil of Hester Dering. I scarcely knew if my vivid fancy deceived me, but there in the identical spot, sat Hester. She was alone; and till I approached her quite near, she had not seen me. I had no reason to suppose my presence would be such an overpowering surprise to her; and she was too courageous and self-possessed in general for the plea of weak nerves; but when she had started up with a glow of pleasure in her face to greet me, she suddenly grew pale, and trembled so violently, she was obliged to sit down again.

I threw myself on the grass by her, and held her hand. All my variously rehearsed speeches, by which I should probe her secret, all my own confessions fled. I could say nothing but,—

"Hester, I could not stay away any longer. You don't want me; perhaps you never will want me; but you must let me see you sometimes, when you are married; even you must let me see you, though you will not talk to me as we used. I cannot live without that"—

All my fine speeches and searching questions, without committing myself, came to this.

I held her hand to my face, and covered my eyes with it; I did not venture to look at her, as she sat raised just above me on a turf-bank. The hand trembled in mine, but she did not draw it away, though I waited in vain till she should speak.

"Speak to me, Hester," said I. "Tell me only that you will forgive this vehemence; that you will be to me as you were, and counsel me, and let me talk to you as you did long

ago; and yet not so very long ago neither, if one counts by time only. I have been so miserable since you have changed your manner to me. I promise never again to forget that you are engaged—that you are another's."

"Gerald," she said—"Gerald, look at me; look up."

I quite started at the sound of her voice, it was so very sweet and gentle. I met her eyes bending down upon me, softly and timidly, not as she had ever looked before; and she smiled as I had never seen her smile.

"It has indeed seemed long since you went away—two days ago," she said; "and so much has happened that it might have been two years. Gerald, I am free; it is all broken off, and ought never to have been! I am free now to talk to you as before, and help you to find out which of the two"—

I started to my feet, bewildered with the unmeasurable joy of this most unlooked-for change. She had risen too, and her hand was still clasped in mine.

"Free, free!" I gasped out. "Then, Hester, you are mine, and mine only!"

I clasped her in my arms, and held her like a recovered treasure, never to be parted with more. I did not want her to speak then; I was satisfied to feel her dear head resting on my shoulder, and her heart beating against my own; but she broke from me as with an effort, and said:—

"Ah, Gerald, how can I believe you after all you have told me of others?"

But she did believe me, notwithstanding.

My sister Jane, coming out in search of Hester, was the first to interrupt us. She was by no means astonished to see me back, and did not look much disturbed by the events that had occurred in my absence. John Hartland had left the party, and returned to England. His father and aunt, who evidently suspected something had gone wrong, though it was not yet disclosed, looked anything but pleased to see me again, nor was my reception much better by Mr. and Mrs. Dering. In short, for a shy man to feel himself so entirely *de trop*, was cruelly embarrassing. Nothing I did was right; and all the little *contre-temps* inseparable from travelling, were ascribed to my bad management, with sundry hints that John Hartland would have contrived things better. The sunshine of Hester's presence, however, sup-

ported me, and I did not feel all my impending ills till we arrived at Folkestone, and the party necessarily separated.

Briefly let me pass over the events of the next few weeks. I found the general established in his house in Upper Harley Street. My interview with him was not so stormy as I had anticipated; even when I told him of my determination not to marry his ward, he said I need not trouble myself—that I did not deserve her. He concluded I meant to marry old May's daughter, and in that case, he should cut me off with a shilling, and not even send me to India. I said I had not the least intention of it. So much the better, he replied, for he now had it in his power to give me a capital appointment in India, but not as a married man. I took the plunge at once, and told him of an engagement to Hester Dering. This was too much for his patience, and I must confess that, under the circumstances it was no wonder. I will not repeat all the abuse he lavished on my adored Hester and myself, for a couple of jilts, the one as bad as the other. He said nothing should induce him to countenance such villainy and such treachery to my own cousin, John Hartland. I left the house under his severe displeasure.

My mother, to whom I confided my distress, could give me no consolation. My uncle, since my father's death and pecuniary misfortunes, was the arbiter of our destinies. Hester's parents would not hear of our marriage, and were exasperated at her giving up John Hartland, whose fortune was considerable. I was taunted on all sides with my three proposals, and not allowed even to see Hester. I wrote to her privately, through the medium of my sister Jane; but in reply to some desperately wild scheme of mine, tending to Gretna Green, living in deserts, working for our bread, etc., she wrote me a letter, which I thought selfishly cold and reasonable. In it, she advised me to do the only thing left for me, which was, to conciliate my uncle by accepting his assistance in the only way he would give it, and trust to time and constancy for the rest. I was so much hurt by this, as I considered, cold-hearted advice to leave her, and go to India, that I would not answer the letter. I took the advice it contained, however, and accepted the appointment, everything being so speedily arranged that I escaped all leave-takings, ex-

cept of my mother, sister, and uncle. My heart seemed paralyzed, and I scarcely felt even curiosity as to the effect of my departure on those who had lately so deeply interested me. I felt as if a part of my life was over—that it was the past, and I did not wish ghost or shadow of it to mingle with my future. And thus I began my career in India.

CHAPTER III.

FIFTEEN years of my life in India were over; another "past" had closed behind me. The incidents of this time were so distinct, and so totally unconnected with the previous years, that it would not be difficult to believe that they scarcely belonged to the same individual. Soon, very soon after my leaving England, the death of my beloved mother took away almost the only link that bound me in intimate associations with home.

My sister Jane had been married not long before this event to John Hartland. Between him and myself there had never been much cordiality; but I was glad that my sister was suitably married and provided for. She wrote to me but seldom, and seemed as resolved not to tell me any news of people who had once so much interested me, as I was not to ask for it. My poor mother had been my correspondent, and I felt her letters were her occupation—that she was with me while she wrote, and her presence seemed with me as I read her letters. But with my sister it was different; hers were shorter letters, and apologies for want of time, and its being "only half an hour to the post," and the baby teething, "and dear John waiting for her to go out,"—all, in short, that so forcibly tells the absent he is the last of all to be attended to, that "time" is to be had for every thing but to write to him. This disgusted me at last, and the home-communications were "few and far between" enough.

It has been necessary to state thus much in order to explain that after fifteen years, bronzed by a tropical sun, and with iron-gray hair, I turned my thoughts homewards, with scarcely the certainty of one friendly face to greet me, or one hand to clasp mine. The desolateness of this coming home dismayed me; my thoughts turned vividly to the past, and I forgot the flight of years. The general—I omitted to mention him—was still living, but almost childish. It was understood that

he would leave all he had to the Hartlands, who lived near him. To this I was tolerably indifferent by a singular event, a history in itself. I had become possessor of considerable wealth, bequeathed to me by a native of high caste, to whom I had been enabled to render some services. Then it was that I felt that longing desire for *home* in the abstract, which in the reality was so dreary to me; and then it was that the singular fact of my triple engagement came back upon me, and I took a somewhat hazardous resolution: I wrote a letter to each of the three women to whom I had been betrothed. Reader with the silken curls, do not smile and shake your head. I did this seriously and candidly. I knew not what had become of either of these women, who had in turn engrossed my youthful fancy. Strangely enough, not one trace had I of their destiny; but giving my simple, blushing May-rose the prior claim, I wrote to each, offering my hand, if they, that is, either of them, choose to accept it!

It was some puzzle to me how to get the letters conveyed to them; but a lawyer friend who was sailing for England, and to whom I confided the delicate mission, furnished with what slight clues I could give him, undertook to find out "the parties," and to communicate to me the result.

This was something for me to look forward to; I had put my destiny out of my own power, and that strong life of the affections, in which alone I could live, clung rather to these old associations than to any new ties. I had acquired the habit, too, of waiting, I will not say patiently, but of looking forward as those only can do who live in colonies, and with whom every transaction depends on a distant post; the answer to the simplest question or the commonest decision being a matter of months of waiting. This habit of looking forward to a distant day is only learned in banishment, and perhaps it makes the time pass more quickly. At last a letter arrived from Williamson; I eagerly tore it open, and found two enclosures, sealed, and addressed to me. There was one in a hand I recognized instantly, even though its character was changed: it was that of the May-rose; but a much freer, more careless hand than formerly, with inordinately long tails to the *y*'s and *g*'s. I gazed long on the superscription, remembering all the neatly written notes, on pink paper, that had once so gladdened my eyes;

then I looked at the seal, and tried to guess the contents. The seal had a widow's lozenge on it. Next, with a strange perversity to prolong suspense, I examined the other letter. It was not the writing of Hester Dering: that I saw at a glance; it was that of Justina. I held one in either hand, as if weighing them in a balance, and wondered, as I had wondered fifteen years ago, which of the two would decide my fate, hesitating which I should open first. The first love prevailed, and I tore open the seal of Rose's letter. It was as follows:—

"Who would have thought it! So you are really and truly in the land of the living, and not entirely used up in that horrid hot country! (I glanced at the signature, it was 'Rose'—or I should have thought it more likely to be Justina). Pray, come back again," it went on. "Je suis enchantée, ravie, delighted, charmed to hear you are likely to be in town this season, which will not be quite over, if you make haste. I did not go out all last year, because I was in weeds, and was in such very bad spirits, of course, after my bereavement. Ah, my dear friend, great has been my affliction, and so very kind of him to leave me so well off. But that will not influence you, I am sure, as you did not know it, and shall not make any difference to me, though I cannot afford to marry upon nothing, as I have my position to keep up, and all that, and don't much like a mere Mr., after being Lady Coddleton, though only a knight. But I remember you very well, and never can forget—and you promised to be good-looking, though such a boy then; and I was very unhappy, and you don't deserve I should forgive you. I am sorry for one thing in your letter, which is, that I must send a positive answer, for who knows what you have turned out? As to myself, I am very much admired, and always taken for twenty-five; so I should not like you to mention to anybody, whether it is off or on, how long ago it was since we met. So, my dear friend, if it must be positive, my answer is— Oh dear! I can't quite commit myself by saying yes. So, pray excuse me; and with kindest regards, believe me, yours, affectionately,

ROSE.

"P.S.—I forgot to mention that I have one sweet little angel-pledge of married life. She is a wild bird, and very tall of her age."

"Good heavens, how altered!" I exclaimed, throwing down the letter. "Is this the simple, artless May-rose! Surely more than fifteen years of worldliness and folly must have passed over that heart. She is free indeed, but what a blessing she has not accepted me!"

Before I read the answer from Justina, I turned to Williamson's letter. Vain had been all his inquiries after Miss Dering—all that he knew was that she had gone with her father and mother to live in that very vague locality—"abroad." Some one had told him that she was dead—another, that she was married, and it was her mother who was dead—then he heard it was her father who was dead—and last, and with more probability, that her mother was dead, and her father had married again; but of herself, personally, he could learn nothing.

Let Justina's letter speak for itself:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—In alluding to the days of sin and folly which you designate as 'happy youth,' I see too great a probability that you are still unconvinced of the great fact of man's utter misery. I am surprised at your thinking of so important an affair as marriage without an inquiry into the state of my soul, and it shows me the lamentable condition of worldliness you are in. I am happy to say that till last February twelvemonth I was allowed to multiply my transgressions by living to the world, so that, up to the moment of my conversion, I was misled by no false moral motives. A single sermon from that truly pious minister, the Rev. Samuel Smalley, showed me the evil of my ways. If you can give me any satisfactory account of yourself, which I much fear, from your letter, will not be the case, I shall be happy to confer with you on the subject you mention when you return. I am still unmarried, but I devote all my time and means to the enlightenment of such unhappy friends who are still groping in darkness, in which I am aided by the truly delightful mind of Mr. Smalley. A most interesting case has just fallen under our view—a worldly, beautiful, and rich widow, whose conversion under Providence we hope to effect, and which will be a bright jewel in the saintly crown of pious Mr. Smalley and my humble self. The name of this daughter of Philistia is Lady Coddleton, a neighbor of mine in Hampshire. As to that unhappy darkened individual, the general, my late guardian, nothing will induce him to listen to any exhortations to improve his frame of mind, and the Rev. Mr. Smalley has submitted to more indignities from him than I can mention without pain. As you ask for a positive answer to your proposal of marriage, I will tell you candidly that I accept it, and shall receive you (*D. V.*) when you arrive as my affianced husband.—I beg to remain sincerely yours,

JUSTINA WARNER."

I read this epistle through once, and I confess the effect it had on me was to provoke

the heartiest fit of laughter I had known for many a day. I read it again, and was rather sobered by the announcement at the end; this was the only part of it that was characteristic—the only part I could realize as being written by the lively, high-spirited brunette. I remembered well the scene at the ball, when she had taken my compliments *au pied de la lettre*, and almost insisted on my “telling the general” on the spot. The same kind of nervous sensation came over me, and I again wished I had not “committed myself.” Then I read the letter a third time, and failed to realize its contents. I could not imagine one word of it to have been written by Justina—the Justina of other times. I dwelt upon this so long, that from a sort of vague curiosity grew up a positive anxiety on the subject. I was anxious to see Justina again. I wondered if she had grown old-fashioned-looking and dowdy, and wore bonnets to match her letter—if she talked like it, and had left off slang. But the interest was of some use; it was a point to look to, in the uncertain, misty horizon of “going home.” I thought even complacently of her change of ideas; with a little softening down, how delightful a woman might Justina be! Certainly a dash of seriousness was just what she wanted; and if she had now a little too much, it was a fault on the right side. I felt obliged to Mr. Smalley, or whoever had been the cause of it; and visions passed through my mind of some tokens of respect, in the shape of a present—should it be an inlaid writing-desk, or a shawl for his good old wife, or a set of splendid chessmen?

These thoughts engaged me during my preparations for a prompt departure, and on the overland journey home. As I got nearer England, the old memories and associations revived more strongly. I told myself again and again that fifteen years had passed, and every thing was changed; but all that intervening time with me had been spent among other thoughts and feelings; nothing in my own life had acted upon the previous impressions; it was completely separated from them, and I felt as if the other two parts should fit into each other, just leaving out the intermediate fifteen years of my Indian life, as though they had been only a dream. I had not a single intimate friend in England, and I have related how entirely I was without correspondents. My first visit was to my sister, Mrs.

Hartland, to whom I had written on arriving. They all seemed very glad to see me, and I soon made myself at home. I asked many questions about old friends, and especially about Hester Dering. All that Jane knew was that her mother was dead, and her father had married again. The step-mother was an atrocious woman. Hester had borne with her long, and yet had refused many good offers of marriage. At last she went to live with her aunt, and my sister had for many years lost sight of her.

I felt a delicacy in mentioning Hester to Hartland. Nothing should have induced me to name her; but when we were left alone after dinner, he suddenly exclaimed, with all the simplicity of a child: “By the by, Gerald, what confounded mistake of yours was that about Hester Dering? Why didn’t you marry, after all? She was a deuced nice girl, at that time, I remember.”

After this, I did not scruple to try and get some information from him on the subject; but he knew nothing in addition to what his wife had told me, except that her father had had a terrible “smash” in his affairs, and had died suddenly. Neither John Hartland nor my sister had any acquaintance with Lady Coddleton, beyond knowing she had taken a house in the neighborhood for the summer months. I found they were not even aware of her identity with the Rose May of my early days, and I did not enlighten them. Of Justina, they told me much; and I soon discovered the information was tinged with a little jealousy of her great interest with the general. They both disliked her in their different ways—Jane, because she had a vague idea that she stood in the way of the preference of herself and children; and John Hartland, because she had once caricatured him in the hunting-field.

I therefore took all they said with the allowance of a heavy discount for the general’s disputed purse; and in my own case, I observed that as soon as they had ascertained I was more than independent (how much more, I did not divulge), and had no designs on the inheritance, they grew quite fond of me, and were delighted to see me back. A rich bachelor-uncle from India is an acquisition not to be despised in a family of growing-up daughters.

Justina Warner had taken for her abode an estate of about two hundred acres, called

Whitethorns, adjoining that of the general. She had at first had a model farm, and kept the land in her own hands, trying every variety of invention in patent implements, and infallible plans for improving the soil; but there was no patent to make the crops come up and the corn ripen three weeks after it was sown; and she got tired of staying so long in the country. She built a school, and for two whole months, persevered in attending to it herself, and actually cut out with her own hands the pattern of the Red-riding-hood capes, in which the girls were to be picturesquely attired. Then her engagements interfered, and it grew to be a Sunday, and not a week-day school. Then the season came on, and she must go to town, so that a school-mistress was hired to supply her place; and perhaps the little scholars did not lose very much by the exchange, although they were allowed to say *could* and *should*, *t-o, t-o*, and *p-u-t, put*, making it rhyme to *but*; and though their missing *h's* were not always called for.

Fortunately, before her property had become seriously impaired by experimental farming, a tenant was found for the estate; and heartily tired of playing the squiresa, Justina went to Paris, Rome, Naples, and Vienna, never missing London seasons, and all their dissipations. After an absence of some years, she had returned to Whitethorns, but it was not there that she had received and answered my proposal from India; she had received it during a visit to Cheltenham, which had become a favorite place of resort to her since she had, as she said, "given up the world."

Although I had been very impatient and curious to see my affianced bride, yet strange as it may seem, I continued at my sister's, within a few miles of Whitethorns, for several weeks before I could make up my mind to present myself. I felt that it was inevitable, but I also felt it was very much as if I had to pull the string of a shower-bath, or touch the wire of an electrical machine.

My long residence in India had greatly increased my indolent predilection for "a quiet life;" and it seemed to me that in returning to the associations of my boyish days, I returned to my uncomfortable sensations of boyish shyness.

It was rather a relief to me, therefore, that some indispensable business called me to London, from whence I meant to go at once

to the general's; and when there, of course, pay my devoirs to Justina. I was escorted to the railway station by a whole bevy of nieces and nephews, and had multitudes of commissions to execute for them all—from riding-hats and feathers of the last wide-awake fashion for the elder girls, to the largest Noah's Ark that ever was made for little Teddy, and a rocking-horse with a real skin for Jem.

CHAPTER IV.

WHILE I waited at the railway station, a train in the contrary direction to the one for which I was waiting stopped at the station. There were no passengers to alight or depart, and it did not stop half a minute. I looked vaguely in at them as they looked vaguely out—it was again in motion; the hiss and the snort and the grunt of the mighty animal, all a novelty to me, excited my attention; but through it all I heard a sound, a voice, a sudden exclamation, and my name was spoken in a tone I should have recognized anywhere. A face looked out from one of the carriages—it was *her* face—Hester's! I could not tell if she was altered; I only saw it was herself, and she was gone. The train whirled on, and I stood like one bewildered.

I was roused by the ringing of another bell, and a bustle among the porters; the up-train was arriving: My first impulse was to start off in the direction in which I had seen Hester going; but the utter impossibility of a clue to where she was going stopped me. Still, I had seen her; she lived; she had recognized me, and this was such unutterable happiness, that I thought nothing of obstacles, and almost forgot my ticket and other necessary preliminaries before I took my seat in the train for London.

I had the carriage to myself till we stopped at the next station. There a britzka was waiting, in which sat a lady so muffled in furs and veils that I could not distinguish her features, for I had not yet become accustomed to the desolate feeling that I was unlikely to meet any face I knew. A footman and "a little foot-page" were busied in bringing luggage; then there entered the carriage where I sat a dapper little French damsel, bearing a load of cloaks and cushions, which she arranged very carefully and daintily on the seat opposite to me, with a smiling, "Pardon, Monsieur, si je vous dérange."

The page then handed her a basket, which might have contained a sleeping infant, so carefully was it passed from one to the other, and so warmly enveloped in a satin wadded coverlet. A sharp snarling bark betrayed its inmate—a very small white poodle, that appeared to entertain an unequivocal dislike to travelling, however commodiously his journeys were arranged. The bell rang, the dog barked, and the little French abigail was in great trouble.

"Toinette, Toinette, mamma wants you directly," screamed a child's voice.

"What can I do with Mouton? He'll jump out if I leave him," said she in veritable distress.

"I will take care of the dog," I replied.

She scarcely stopped to thank me, but sprang out of the carriage to assist her mistress, whom I expected to find some helpless invalid, and scarcely changed my opinion as I saw the bundle of shaws and veils approach which I had seen in the britzka.

"No time to loose, ma'am; train just starting," exclaimed the guard.

But the lady did not hurry her languid, haughty pace. I thought, however, that it was only in bravado, for she jumped into the carriage lightly enough. She drew back when she saw me, and said: Toinette, did I not desire you to get me an empty carriage all to myself?"

"Yes, miledi; but monsieur is so very *amiable*, and take such good care of Mouton."

At this moment, my thoughts travelled many years back, and I remembered my first introduction to Justina, and her appropriation of my Skye terrier. I saw her again as she sat on the floor coaxing the wounded animal, and her long wild curls dropping to the carpet. I fell into a reverie, and forgot to observe whether the lady of the shaws and cloaks had lifted her veil. A tall lank girl, about fourteen years old, dressed in very short petticoats and a child's flapped hat, had also taken her place in the carriage by the side of Mamselle Toinette. This young lady was evidently not on good terms with Mouton, and frequently elicited a snarl by sundry sly pinches, an amusement she seemed greatly to enjoy.

"Look, ma—look how cross he is; how he hates me."

"Zitte darling," returned the lady, soothing the snarling favorite—"Zitte beauty! has zou got a naughty cruel sister!"

"La, ma! how can you talk so! Sister, indeed!"

"Rosamond, child, you are quite beyond me—you are so boisterous. I shall be so glad when your new governess comes. Toinette, have you got my salts? Dere den, sant we be glad, Mouton, zou love, sant we be left in peace?"

It was very strange, but in the tender accents, pronounced in a jargon supposed to be suited to canine comprehension, I seemed to and to hear, a tone that vibrated in the past.

The languid, fine-lady voice in which she addressed her daughter dissipated the illusion, but it always returned when she talked to Mouton. "Surely, surely, I had heard that voice." I became quite anxious that she should raise her veil, and it was not very long before my curiosity was gratified. The thicker veil thrown off, there was a pink bonnet enveloped in a shower, or what, I believe, ladies call a *fall* of blonde; under that there were roses, and a fall of ringlets; under these there was a highly rouged cheek, then there was a double chin, for the lady was fat, unmistakably, unmanageably fat, in spite of staymakers. For one moment, I turned away almost disappointed; I had never seen the face before. My world was a world of strangers—if they were not friends of twenty years' standing, they were nothing to me—I had no acquaintances.

I was soon deep in the past, my thoughts following Hester Dering, whom I had so distinctly recognized, and was determined some way or other to trace. Again I was aroused by the tone of the fat lady coaxing her dog—she was looking my way too, and smiling. Her teeth were white and even; she really was a very fine woman, especially when the knot of her pink bonnet-ribbon rather concealed the double chin. That smile again—the cheek puckered into certain well-known dimples. Yes, I had recognized her! It was the May-rose, very full blown indeed; and the pale stripling girl at her side was her daughter. How strange it all seemed! She had not recognized me, and I resolved not to make myself known, unless she discovered me herself. I had the precaution, therefore, to disguise my voice—that sure and changeless token of identity, and began by making friends with Mouton, who received my advances rather sulkily, and eyed me suspiciously, as though detecting something amiss in my sudden huskiness. Sundry civilities then passed as to the putting up or letting down of windows, the interchange of *Punch* and the *Illustrated News*. Fair Rosamond was reprimanded for indulging in a loud aside to Toinette as to my personal appearance; my brown face and gray hair I heard discussed.

"Rosamond, Rosamond, be quiet. Oh, what a blessing it will be when your governess comes? Won't it, Mouton?"

Then turning to me: "It is such a difficult age to manage; you would hardly believe how tall she is of her age, and how young she is!"

"I should hardly think her more than six years old, to look at her mother," said I.

"Oh, you flatter me: she is only just eleven—such a May-pole. Do you know this part of the country?" she continued, quite graciously. "That large house on the hill is Sir Lindsay Wolsey's, a cousin of Sir William Coddleton's. Oh, I forgot"—with a languid smile—"you do not know me—Lady Coddleton!" and she gave a sort of a self-introductory bend. I bowed, and felt I ought to say something; but as I was not prepared with a fictitious name, I said something about honor and pleasure, and then, rather *à-propos* to nothing, asked if she knew whether Miss Warner's place was in this part of the country.

"Oh," said she, "do you know her? She is a neighbor of mine, and I see a great deal of her in the country. You know, one must patronize one's country neighbors."

I looked at the portly Lady Coddleton, not at the May-rose, and smiled internally at the idea of her patronizing Justina Warner; in fact, I felt rather angry at her presumption.

"When I knew Miss Warner," said I "she did not require much patronizing."

"Oh, they say she was quite gay when she was young; but ever since I have known her, she is just a mere humdrum—no style, no fashion about her. You never saw such bonnets as she wears. And then one meets nobody at her house but missionaries, and low-church preachers, and district-visiting old maids, and converted Jews, and that kind of people; nobody one ever saw before, or ever wished to see again. That odious Mr. Smalley too!"

"Ha!" said I.

Lady Coddleton stopped, and seemed suddenly to recollect that I was a stranger; but once in the talking vein, it was not difficult to set her off again.

"Perhaps you are evangelical," she said; "and if so, of course you have heard Mr. Smalley."

"No," said I—"no; I have only heard his name."

"Of course, I dare say, you have heard he is going to be married to Miss Warner?"

"Married!" exclaimed I, quite startled out of my prudence. "I thought—I fancied he was a married man."

"Is he indeed? You don't say so!" said the lady, with the eager, satisfied air of a gossip who has just got a new bit of scandal. "Well, I always thought there was something sly and underhand about him; and I am quite sure he wears a wig. But I think, as a friend, somebody ought to tell Miss Warner."

"Oh, pray don't think," said I—"don't imagine I know any thing about it, or about him. But why should Miss Warner be told?"

"Oh dear, I thought you knew that it is said she is going to be married to him. Nobody

ever knew he was married before. Did dey, Mouton, ittie darling?"

She always softened off the edges of her speeches by a tender appeal to Mouton. I was rather astounded by what I heard, and had a very pardonable curiosity to hear more; but I was afraid of any direct questions, lest I should be interrogated in my turn. Miss Rosamond came to my aid.

"La! ma, it is not Mr. Smalley at all that's to marry Miss Warner. Don't you know it's the new parson?"

"Parson! Rosamond, who taught you such a vulgar expression, and what should such a child as you know about it? Mouton is quite shocked at you."

"Pray, let us have Miss Rosamond's news, however," said I.

"No, I won't tell you now," said the precocious young lady, "though I do know a great deal more. Nurse Andrews told me; and you know, ma, her husband is Miss Warner's coachman."

"So he is," said Lady Coddleton with an air of conviction. "Well, dear child?"

"Why, old Mr. Fullerton has got a new curate at Stoke Leigh. Such a nice young man, Nurse Andrews says he is; only he likes to be called a priest and not a curate; and he has church ever so many times a day; and he won't dine out on a Friday; and Miss Warner wanted to convert him—I don't know what for, nor what to; and so Mr. Howard de Lacy, that's his name—such a pretty name, is not it?—Mr. Howard de Lacy has quite cut out Mr. Smalley—and John Andrews is always going up to the parsonage with notes and game, and sometimes little baskets of fruit and flowers; and John Andrews thinks"—

The gossiping came to a sudden end by the stopping of the train. I was so anxious to avoid recognition that, after a very hasty offer of my services, which I scarcely waited to have accepted or declined, I quitted the carriage, feeling a strange sensation of relief in thus leaving the woman who had been the object of my early, and, as I then thought, my unchanging, love. The rewas something humiliating in feeling myself, and seeing her so altered. The change in her, the loss of the whole identity so complete—nothing left even to interest me. Simplicity and mere prettiness, had these been, then, the only charms she had? Now, she was an empty, vain, and vulgar woman. O May-rose, would I had not seen thee again, thus overblown, thus divested of all bloom. These thoughts recurred, with others not less gloomy, as I sat at my solitary dinner at the hotel. The account I had heard of Justina was not pleasant, but somehow I was sensible of a certain feeling of relief as I recalled it. One thing was certain—her engagement,

if such she considered it, with me was as yet unknown, and the vision I had seen of my beloved Hester made me long to be free again. I was rather annoyed at Lady Coddleton not having recognized me—was I then grown such an old fellow, such a

"Grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore,"

that I was not to be known again? I was not five-and-forty yet, but then the climate—the climate. A new idea came to me, which I was resolved to work out. I almost laughed aloud as it presented itself in various bearings, and then my constitutional shyness, which seemed to have returned upon me with almost boyish force, or rather weakness, made me look upon it with dismay. My idea was to act upon the change in my appearance made by fifteen years' sojourn in India, and to present myself like a lover in a vaudeville, to Justina Warner as some other personage than myself. The difficulty was in the personage I should represent. After various cogitations, I resolved on a very matter-of-fact course, which was to write a letter to Miss Warner, introducing an imaginary friend of my own, and pleading indispensable business to excuse my own delay in visiting her at Whitethorns.

All was satisfactorily arranged—"Miss Warner would be delighted to see any friend of mine," and had fixed the day for my visit.

Behold me, then, rather nervous and very shy, disdaining a black patch, and trusting to my Indian bronzing for disguise, following the name of Mr. John Wood into the drawing-room of Justina's house. There was a sound of many voices, and it was a relief to me to see quite a large party assembled. I gave my name to the servant, and a lady at the further end of the room rose and advanced to meet me. Justina Warner, was it indeed herself? The jetty and luxuriant hair which had been her chief characteristic, was closely confined under a cap of almost Quaker-like plainness—there was a sharp, angular look in her whole figure, and something alarmingly decided in her countenance. At the time I speak of, the fashion of female attire was full and flowing, even beyond the requirements of the strictly graceful—flounces, furbelows, and hanging sleeves were the order of the day: this made the absence of all such ornament the more conspicuous in Justina's appearance. She wore a black or dark silk dress clinging close to her thin spare figure, which made her look like a very elderly charity-girl.

She advanced to meet me, and as she spoke, her voice reminded me so strongly of the past, that I was instantly alive to the necessity of disguising my own. There was

one sudden, quick glance at my face, but it subsided into a blank coldness. I was provided with an ear-trumpet, and I wore spectacles. I could have wished there had been more feeling in the tone with which she shouted to me her inquiries after my health—and asked when she should see me at White, thorns. Seeing she did not the least recognize me, I apologized for my own absence with great unction, and gaining courage to look round, I discovered in one of the party Lady Coddleton. This considerably complicated the "situation;" but a sense of amusement came to my relief, and helped to free me from embarrassment.

Lady Coddleton bowed and smirked, and I took refuge by her side. Justina said: "Oh, you know my good neighbor, Lady Coddleton, Mr. Wood—will you take her into dinner?"

Of course, I could do no less than bow acquiescence; and found myself with the overblown May-rose by my side at the dinner-table, rather embarrassed by having to keep up my character of deafness, as she only required a listener, and I was afraid to trust my voice more than I could help, fearing it might be recognized."

Justina took the head of the table, and at her right hand was a tall, thin, youngish man, who had handed her in. His features were finely formed, and his countenance pleasing, though somewhat melancholy. The peculiar character of his dress made me immediately recognize him as the "nice" young clergyman who liked to be called a priest.

"Mr. Smalley's cut out indeed," said Lady Coddleton to me confidentially. "I do wonder which will say grace."

I affected not to hear this remark, but bowed in polite deafness.

I was intently watching Justina, and observed a tall, stout, florid-faced man, with very black hair, whom I took for the butler, fidgeting behind her chair. She looked annoyed and disconcerted, and turned, as I thought, to give him some particular order about icing the champagne. His reply was in a low tone; and with an air of deference and humility, he laid his hand on his waistcoat, and raised his eyes to the ceiling, all of which I thought was an odd pantomime for a butler; but still more was I surprised to see him take the vacant seat at the bottom of the table, opposite to Justina, looking round with an air of meek triumph as he did so, and waving his hand in a patronizing way to the tall, thin man at Miss Warner's right, who forthwith said grace, and all sat down to table.

"Well, this is something new!" said my loquacious neighbor. "Nobody ever sits *there* but the general; and now there is Mr. Smal-

ley sitting at the bottom of the table, and Mr. Howard de Lacy at the top. Which is it to be, I wonder? How odd my meeting you in the train! But you have not asked after Mouton—poor, dear, little Mouton. I have brought him here with me. We stay till next week. I have brought the child too. Poor, dear Miss Warner is always so kind in asking her and her governess too.”

“Soup?”

“No, thank you. You see I can talk while you eat your soup;” and thus she ran on, making me almost wish myself deaf in reality.

“Lady Coddleton,” said Mr. Smalley, blandly, from the end of the table, “might I have the honor, the happiness of a glass of wine with you? Which do you take? Champagne?—not that I should presume to dictate.”

As he said this, he bowed over the table, and raised his eyes to hers in a very insinuating manner. I thought I saw a quick glance towards Miss Warner, as if to watch the effect on her; but she was earnestly engaged in talking to Mr. Howard de Lacy, and the coquetry of Mr. Smalley failed in its effect. Lady Coddleton bowed languidly, and preferred champagne. Still doubling himself over the table, Mr. Smalley continued, raising the whites of his great round eyes to hers: “May I presume to ‘ope you are well taken care of? Is there nothing I can assist your ladyship to? and in all humilarty and sincerarty, might I solicit an introduction to your agreeable neighbor?”

Lady Coddleton did not look quite so disgusted at this address as I expected she would. Though a falling-star, Mr. Smalley had been a star, so she introduced me to him, which I affected not to hear. I saw him bowing to empty space, while I pretended to be examining the dish opposite to me.

“Mr. Smalley wishes to be introduced to you, Mr. Wood,” said Lady Coddleton, again raising her voice.

I bowed this time in reply; and Mr. Smalley said behind his hand to Lady Coddleton: “Is your friend serious?”

She elevated her pencilled eyebrows.

“I mean,” he continued, “is he a Christian?”

“Very fortunately, he is deaf,” said Justina Warner from the top of the table, “or he might not approve such a question, made in such a public manner.”

The eyes were now thrown beseechingly at Justina.

“In all humilarty,” he began, “I beg pardon, if I have offended; but I ‘oped Miss Warner would have felt and sympathized with my anxarty on meeting a stranger pilgrim in the land, to ask, in all sincerarty, whither he

is bound—whether he is a brand—whether he is a sheep or a goat.”

Justina rather sharply answered: “There is a time for all things, Mr. Smalley.”

And I could not help remembering a time when she would have laughed outright at such a speech.

Nothing very interesting occurred during dinner. Mr. Howard de Lacy scarcely spoke above a whisper with Justina. When the ladies retired, Mr. Smalley took a vacant seat next me, providing himself with two dishes of candied fruits within reach, and helping himself to bumpers every time the bottle passed.

I found De Lacy frank, though timid, intelligent, though with strong prejudices. He interested me very much; and the more so, as I had been prepared for a mere priestly coxcomb—a species of vanity most especially abhorrent to me—because its meanness and littleness appear doubly despicable while sheltered under a sanctuary that is in itself inviolable.

We were the first to obey the summons to the drawing-room, and continued in conversation as we entered. He grew abstracted, however, and, I saw him color as he glanced to where Justina sat. “That is all right,” I thought. “I will try and find out if he cares for herself or her fortune.”

Seated at a round table, a fair assemblage of pink cheeks and white muslins, were busily engaged in sewing and making a variety of coarse garments for poor people; nor these only, but an infinite choice of what are called fancy articles for a bazaar. Not that I found this out by intuition, for I was considerably puzzled as to what was the possible object of their employment—the strange shaped pieces of red cloth I saw cut and stitched, and the small dolls in very unpicturesque nudity. Then the confusion of tongues that prevailed, the constant appeals to Miss Warner. “O, Miss Warner, where shall I find any thing to make a sack for my chimney-sweep? He is such a lovely chimney-sweep!” “Three flannel petticoats and six pen-wipers, a baby’s cap, and a spectacle-wiper: is that enough for one lot?” “And the bouquets! we’ll make them pay plenty for the bouquets; half-a-crown apiece—shall we, Miss Warner? and take no change?” Justina sat a little apart and was evidently bored. I noticed all this as we entered the first drawing-room, which opened into the one in which they sat, before our entrance was perceived. De Lacy was standing irresolute, not venturing to approach Justina, when the further door opened, and a voice was heard:—

“Ah, my young friends, how lovely is your diligence in the cause of chararty! Oh, that the worldly-minded and the scoffers would but

consider and bring it home to their own buzzoms!

"How doth the little busy bee?"—

At this period of the discourse, Justina rose suddenly, and walking towards the place where Mr. de Lacy and I stood—"I daresay," said she somewhat abruptly to me, "you have no such things as fancy-fairs in India, and I think our mutual friend told me you had been with him in India."

I felt myself color as I said: "Yes; we were very much together. Our Indian ladies are much too indolent and languid for any thing of the sort. To be busy, is quite an unknown word with them."

"Be kind enough," she continued, "to tell something real and practical as to the state of their minds. I have had it in contemplation to raise funds and send out missionaries among the ladies of Calcutta."

A glass-door leading to the lawn stood open, and Justina led the way into the garden, leaving her young fancy-workers to themselves and their own counsels.

"But how would you choose your envoys or missionaries, that they should be different from those of the established church, and what authority would they bear among a class much the same as your own in England?" said De Lacy, mildly interposing. He had joined us as we passed out.

"Ah, yes," said she, "it would be difficult to choose them. Why should they not be women?"

He laughed outright. It was a hearty laugh, without the least tincture of a sneer, and I liked him for it. The infection caught me, and I laughed too.

"What! you, too, find my notion merely ridiculous," said Justina, but not angrily.

"Forgive me," said I, "but there is something in me, an old Indian, irresistibly ridiculous in your charitable notion of sending out a freight of governesses for the fashionable ladies at Calcutta. Why not send your missionaries to Paris or Rome, or—charity begins at home—to London or Brighton, or still nearer home?"

I could not resist glancing towards the end of the room, where, through the open window, might be seen Lady Coddleton reclining on an ottoman, dividing her conversation between Mouton and an anti-fancy-fair lady, on a visit in the neighborhood.

Justina answered my glance by saying: "You are right; and it is curious enough that she has got just such a missionary as she wants, if she did but know it."

"Mr. Smalley?" said I, glancing towards that gentleman, who was still at the bazaar-table, piously flirting with the silken curls and white muslins.

Justina's brow darkened for a moment, but the shade gave place to one of those gleams of irresistible amusement, that brought her back to me completely as in days long past. Miss Rose, or, as her mother called her, Rosamond Coddleton, had joined the group at the table, and, at this moment, had selected a chimney-sweep doll, which she held up, and made gesticulate in ludicrous imitation of that reverend gentleman's action.

Justina held up her finger, and called Rosamond to her, who came looking very disconcerted, till she detected Miss Warner's involuntary smile.

"No," Justina replied to me, "not Mr. Smalley, but — Rose, my dear, where is Miss Marston to-night?"

"Oh, dear, I wish you would ask her to come down, dear Miss Warner. She stays moping up stairs, and she won't come down, now there's company. I declare I'll go up stairs again, if she won't, and stay there."

"Now," continued Justina to us, "this young woman, this Miss Marston, is just a specimen of"—

"Woman's mission," ventured Mr. de Lacy.

"No, no! I will not be laughed out of my notion this time. Besides, Miss Marston is perfection."

"What a dreadful woman she must be!" said I. "She would never do in India."

"Now, I am quite determined to introduce her to you," said Justina: "you shall see I am in earnest."

"Call Miss Marston a dreadful woman!" exclaimed Rosamond indignantly.

"Oh, but," said I, "I have such a horror of governesses. I always think of my sister in her back-board!"

Justina suddenly, for she was quick in all her movements, left the lawn, and entered the house with Rosamond.

De Lacy looked at me searchingly; then said with a strong effort: "Forgive me, if I presume too much on our short acquaintance; but there is a question I must ask you; you are the friend of — Tell me, is it true—that is, if it is not a matter of confidence—is it true that Miss Warner is engaged to your friend?"

"I will answer you candidly," said I. "A sort of engagement was made while my friend was in India: it rests with Justina Warner to cancel that engagement if—if she has repented it, as one of her hasty decisions. Will you be equally candid with me? You are interested in the question. Do you think, can you imagine, it is Miss Warner's wish to cancel that engagement?"

He blushed through his paleness like a schoolgirl.

"Forgive my plainness," I continued, "but I have strong reasons for urging a decided course. Will you tell me, then, plainly, if Miss Warner were free, would you propose to her yourself?"

He stepped back, quite in alarm. "Myself! Oh, I should never venture. I never could bear her refusal, and the scorn with which she might overwhelm me—me, a poor younger brother, she would think, seeking to marry an heiress. I have sometimes ventured to wish she were poor."

"But have you never tried to ascertain—have you no notion how she stands affected towards you?"

"No—o. Oh, no—not the least."

Yet I saw his pale face brighten up, and a sort of hopeful gleam flit across it, which told another tale.

"And suppose I should try to ascertain it for you?"

He looked at me with doubtful wonder, and then said calmly but resolutely; "No; you have surprised from me a secret which I never meant to betray—you, a stranger. I do not deny it, I love Justina Warner more deeply than she is the least aware of. She treats me as a friend; she has never seen in me a pretender to her hand if she did, I might forfeit that position which is now so dear to me. I love Justina Warner, but she shall never know it."

"At least not through any other than yourself," said I, turning round, for there stood Justina Warner just behind us.

De Lacy clasped his hands over his eyes, and looked as if he longed to make one bolt over the garden-wall. Justina looked disconcerted, but not displeased: no, I am certain she was not displeased; and though the flush of animation and joy brought back herself in her young days to my fancy, yet not even my vanity could take umbrage. She was turning to go, but I caught her hand.

"Let me take the privilege of an old friend," I said—"a very old friend."—There was the same quick look at my face.

"It is!—it must be. How could I be so blind? Gerald! what a silly trick you have played me; I never will forgive you!"

"Not quite so silly either," I replied, still retaining her hand: "I have made great discoveries by it. I have found out that I am fifteen years older; that such as I am now, you only consider yourself bound to me in honor, and frankly, and freely, and truly, I give you back your promise."

"What! you will not have me?" said she, and looked out of her dark eyes with the merry, gypsy smile of the old days. She would have turned away, before I could answer, to join the rest of the party.

What had become of poor Howard de Lacy I know not, but I found myself alone with Justina Warner. She said in her old quick manner, and with a sort of *mutinerie* that rather alarmed me.

"And so you have come down in this melodramatic fashion to renounce me forever?"

"Not quite," replied I, laughing. "I am quite ready to fulfil our engagement, if—you do me the honor to insist on preferring a battered, scorched, gray-haired old Indian, to any one else in the world."

She glanced at me askance, with eyes that looked very mischievous, in spite of the prim cap, to see if I was in earnest, then she turned her head away.

"Forgive me, dear Justina," I continued, "and hear my justification. Since that decision, by which we both agreed to abide, I have ascertained the existence of one—of the one—in short, the only woman—the—I mean Hester Dering."

"Thank you!" said Justina, with the little reserved manner that belonged to the prim cap, "for that balm to my vanity. I thought perhaps you had gone distraught by a vision of your first love, Rose May, whp, I dare say, exists somewhere too."

"Do you not know, then," exclaimed I, who Rose May is? And she, too, passes me as a stranger—it is truly heart-rending."

All this time I was thinking of Hester's exclamation—*she* had known me at once. Just at this moment, there loomed upon us, at the end of the garden-walk, capacious Lady Coddleton, who had condescended to place the tips of her fingers on the arm of Mr. Smalley, who was carrying Mouton on the other.

"There!" said I—"can you conceive it possible *that* was once my May-Rose! O world! O life! O time!"

Justina was almost too astonished to reply at first; then she said:

"Is it possible, Gerald? And you, too, whom I did not know, and myself—should you not have known me?"

"Oh, yes," said I—"anywhere. Take off that odious cap, and you will look just like yourself. As you have been talking to me now, I quite wondered I had thought you altered at first. It is the mind that never alters, and now you are your own natural self. You have quite forgiven me, have you not, Justina? And if I may venture any advice—But here comes poor De Lacy again. He will perhaps advise you better than I can."

"He is so young!"

"And yet you, with that buoyant, youthful character, which he so well understands, are younger still. I believe he sincerely loves you; but he is poor, noble-minded, and sen-

sitive: he shrinks from the idea of seeking you for your fortune."

I did not wait for her reply, but turned down another alley, and left the two together. I felt happy and relieved that I was free, and my task of tracing Hester Dering was now, I thought, easy; though, from the failure of all former efforts, I was at a loss how to commence my search. Pondering on this, I wandered on still in the garden alone, till a bell, ringing from the house, made me turn my steps mechanically that way. A voice near me roused me from my dreams; it was that of Rose Coddleton.

"There now, Miss Marston, there's the tea-bell; and do, pray, come into the drawing-room as soon as we have taken off our bonnets. I shall go in now, and get my hair done smooth. I wish ma would let me have it turned up. I am sure I am much too old for plaits, only ma likes me to look quite a child, I know."

The young lady darted off, jumping over a flower-bed, and scrambling through the shrubs, leaving her governess to follow; and I could not avoid meeting her as she walked leisurely along the narrow path of the shrubbery. We were close to each other before I looked up to observe her, and there—was it truth? Was it a dream, or the image that had so strangely filled my mind? It was really and truly Hester Dering. She stood not one moment irresolute; her recognition of me was as instantaneous as my own of her; then with a smothered cry, she fell into my arms, and I clasped her close to my heart, as if I feared to lose her again.

The tea-bell had rung in vain, and the closing evening alone reminded us to return to the house.

Hester had passed through a life of sorrow and suffering since we had parted. I must only here briefly say what had led her to her present position.

Her mother had died, and her father married again, foolishly, a young and frivolous wife. Her own marriage seemed the only chance of escape from a miserable home; but she refused all solicitations on this point, and by so doing, so entirely offended her father, that he made no opposition to her residing with the aunt (for her uncle was dead) with whom she had been before travelling that memorable summer. With her aunt she passed some tranquil years, till she was summoned to attend her father's death-bed. He died of apoplexy, and never spoke after she arrived. His affairs proved to be in the greatest disorder, and except the settlement made on his widow, all that remained for Hester was a mere pittance.

Most unhappily, too, the kind aunt, who

had been more than a mother to Hester, suffered as well as herself from the ruin of Mr. Dering, all her fortune, at her husband's death, having been placed in his hands for investment. Thus reduced in circumstances, Hester had again to decline the renewed addresses of a very disinterested admirer; but she would not leave her aunt, whose health was in a very declining state; and removing to London, that wilderness where they might be the most unknown, Hester added to their small means of subsistence by selling her paintings and teaching music.

At last, her aunt died; and till then she had never lost courage, nor felt entirely alone. She did not tell me—perhaps she has not told me yet—all she suffered at this time; sickness, poverty, and a despondency that made her unable to use the means that had before supported them both. They had changed their name with their fallen circumstances; and it was through the means of one of her musical pupils that Hester at last obtained a place as governess with Lady Coddleton.

"And so, you knew me directly, Hester," said I, "in spite of my brown face and gray hair; and neither of the others did. And you, I don't see that you are the least altered, though you have had a whole life of suffering to wear you down, while they have never had a care nor a trouble but of their own making. How is this?"

"Because, I suppose, we knew each other by the soul, which 'the others,' as you call them, never did. That never alters, dear Gerald, that never grows old."

Hester and I were soon after married, and afterwards spent some time abroad. I had desired Williamson to write me at Florence if any very desirable purchase of "house and land" should come to his knowledge. He presently wrote accordingly, to tell me that Miss Warner's place, Whitethorns, was to be sold, and in his opinion, would just suit me.

I hurried to Hester with the letter, in which there was not a word of Justina, nor any reason given for the sale of her property. I then looked vaguely through the English newspapers. They were full of tidings of fearful interest, for it was at the height of the Crimean war—that sudden reality of horror which brought such bitter experiences of sorrow, privation, disease, suffering, and "sundry kinds of death," into a class in England with whom all this had before been as mere words. I had but few friends for whom to feel a personal anxiety, and Hester took the paper from my hands to look for marriages. An exclamation of amused surprise escaped her.

"O Gerald! guess who is married!"

"Justina Warner, of course."

"Oh, you forget that marriage was fixed for the week after we left England. Guess again."

"No—tell me."

"Well, then, Lady Coddleton to the Rev. Samuel Smalley."

I ought not to have been surprised, but somehow the identity of Lady Coddleton with Rose May flashed suddenly across me, and I felt almost personally insulted that she had made so foolish a choice: I felt literally ashamed of her and of my successor. Hester was lenient in her judgment, but could not discuss the subject without laughing.

We had returned to London, and almost the first visit we received at our hotel in Albemarle Street was from Howard de Lacy. He was duly preceded by his card, or I should scarcely have recognized him, so worn he looked, so altered, and there was an ominous hectic in his hollow cheeks. I felt sure there was something wrong, something amiss; yet, with that strange reserve only comprehensible between two shy Englishmen, we neither of us pronounced the name of Justina.

Hester came suddenly in upon us, and at once exclaimed: "But Justina, why is she not with you? Is she well? Tell me where I shall find her?"

It was some moments before he replied—the two red spots on his cheeks grew redder, and then quite pale. "Miss Warner," said he, "is in the Crimea."

"In the Crimea!" repeated I,

"Not married!" exclaimed my wife,

He wrung my hand, and was quite unable to speak. At last he said: "Gerald, she is a noble creature! I am not worthy of her, and ought not to complain. As you have been abroad, and have not perhaps seen the newspapers, it must come on you strangely enough; and the name of Florence Nightingale would tell you nothing. Her story seems, indeed, to belong to the age of saints and martyrs, and to give a touch of beauty and dignity to ours, a glory of courage and devotedness. But of Justina—do not ask me to tell you the details of how it all came about. She is one of the hospital nurses at Scutari."

"But, after all," I said, "your engagement continues? She will return; and then"—

He looked more disconsolate than ever. "No," said he, "all is over between us. The letters she has written to me since her departure have dissolved our engagement."

I was struck with his pertinacity in refusing every hope drawn from suggestions of caprice or instability in his admired Justina. He seemed determined to think her resolution irrevocable, and was so engrossed with the idea

of her sacrifice of himself, that he scarcely wished to see her come down from the pedestal where he had placed her.

"Poor De Lacy," said I, as he closed the door; "he will not live long: he looks as if he were going into a decline."

"I don't think so," said Hester, and she looked as incredulously hard as Barbara Alleyne herself; "at least, not for the love of Justina Warner."

Two years after this, when Hester and I were quietly settled in our English home, Mr. and Mrs. Howard de Lacy came to pay us a visit of a "parson's week." Mrs. Howard de Lacy was very fair, very girlish, with the clear transparent freshness and mild eyes of one of Francis's Madonnas. She was a distant cousin of her husband's, and they were so much alike that perhaps it was the only reason they had never before appreciated each other. Howard still colored at the name of Justina Warner—a name never changed. She has kept a resolution at last.

She returned from her pilgrimage among the last of the brave lady-nurses, "a sadder and a wiser" woman, but a much happier one. This time, it had not been the mere spurt of enthusiasm—a simply benevolent amusement; it had been a reality; charity, baptized in the fiery chalice of self-sacrifice.

Justina Warner had found at length her vocation, and a worthy aim for her active energies. Her charities are not confined to one department—she helps the poor, teaches the young, and cures the sick. Truth, however, compels me to state that hers is not such a complete reformation from all eccentricity and whim as I should feel proud to present my readers as a moral at the conclusion of this story. There are no such sudden transformations in real life. Yet few acquainted with Justina Warner as she is, would wish her different from herself. You would never even wish her younger—the handsome, cheery, matronly spinster! No husband invented on purpose could possibly have made her happier than she is. She has succeeded to a noble fortune, on the death of the general, and she has learned the lesson how to use it nobly, for she has studied the wants of others.

We are all getting far into the "middle ages" now, and often talk of these bygone days over Christmas fires and on summer holidays. We also talk of future ones; and there is a marriage on the tapis between my second daughter, Justina's godchild, and Howard de Lacy's eldest son. I did not half like it at first, but it was Miss Warner who insisted on gaining my consent.

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J. Hall

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